Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 25.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A letter from one of our special correspondents, containing a full report of the late Club Races at Niagara Falls, was received too late for this week's paper.

A List of the Stud of a Virginia Breeder, the letter of a North Carolina Turfman, and several other matters, are also omitted for the reason given above.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* American Winning Horses, Four Mile Heats, during the year 1835—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence.*

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, Three *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe*, *Post Boy*, *Mingo*, *Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1835, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Ninth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats.*

The *Twentieth* number (July 1), contained an Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses* of 1836, at *Mile Heats*, with a variety of Statistics of the Turf.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

Very little is doing in the theatrical world, so far as histrionic enactments are concerned, though our city is full of managers, stars, and diminutive "orbs of light." Yankee Hill has just returned from the West, and Forbes from the South. Barry has gone home to Boston to open the Tremont, and Latham followed to-day—and with Miss Melton, we believe.

Miss Emma Wheatley is *not* Mrs. Somebody Else, as has been stated by many scribes and sinners, (ourselves among the number, as we should blush to acknowledge, if editors were expected to blush at anything, this hot weather).—No, the beautiful Miss Emma is yet unmarried, but as the gay Col. Burr happily remarked once, it's not the fault of our sex.

Parsons is daily expected here from Louisville, for which fair city Russell soon sets out with his family, including "the sole daughter of his house and heart"—a charming young lady of "sweet seventeen" just budding into womanhood. We shall lightly estimate the gallantry of our managers if she is permitted to "waste her sweetness on" her thousand admiring beaux, instead of electrifying the town with her beauty and varied accomplishments.

The Woods are on their way to this city, probably at this moment. Forrest is expected to open at the Park the 3d or 4th Monday in September. The season will be a brilliant one.

The new decorations in preparation for the Park next season are magnificent. Instead however of pictoral designs for the panels of the boxes, from Sir Walter Scott's works, as was contemplated, Mr. Simpson has substituted a series of superbly embossed gilt ornaments upon a white ground. We examined them a few days since, and may add with propriety that they are of the richest description. They were modelled with great good taste by Evers, whose reputation as a scenic artist is acknowledged in both hemispheres. The new Drop Curtain is a splendid affair; the subject is happily chosen, being from the elaborate mezzitinto engraving of "The Trial of Queen Katherine," in which are portraits of Mrs. Siddons, John, Stephen, and Charles Kemble, Conway, and others. The portraits are admirable, and the whole affair is highly creditable to Evers and the liberality of the management.

Clarke, a valuable member of the Park company, and one of best readers on our stage, took a benefit last Tuesday, on which occasion Mr. Seth Geer, Jr. (a son of the architect), volunteered to go on for Othello. The house was crammed. Othello got his quietus long before Mr. Geer "smote him thus," in the fifth act—at least he *died game*, and took as much killing as a cat with nine lives.

Miss Horton's star is now in the ascendant at the Park; she has been much improved by her tour.

Forbes has leased the Augusta, Columbia, and several other Southern theatres, and is in town looking out for clever people. Mr. Hart, the former manager still retains part of his old circuit, including the theatres at Milledgeville, Macon, and Columbus.

Maywood, of Philadelphia, is daily expected from abroad. We hear he complains of "a plentiful lack" of talent in London, but has made several engagements.

Augusta and Mrs. Gibbs were at Buffalo at the latest dates. Augusta is to play at Louisville before her return. Caldwell has engaged her for next season at New Orleans, at an immense salary.

No less than Nine Theatres will be in full blast in this city on the 1st of September, provided some of them live to open, and others to close their doors on that day, viz.:—the Park, Bowery, National, Olympic, City, Franklin, Richmond Hill, Euterpean Hall, and Cooke's Amphi-theatre. Go it, managers, *you* will make fortunes, no doubt. Not more than 99 in 100 usually get "bursted" their first season. Shin-plasters are worth ten cents on the dollar, and you may hire money at five per cent per month, provided you allow yourselves to be locked up with the money in your pockets, as security. But that's nothing—only a slight annoyance, so go ahead—who's afraid?

Placide is ruralizing at Westport, Mass. We have a shrewd suspicion that the fishing and shooting there is capital.

John Mason of the Park, with the Wheatleys, Mrs. Vernon, and the *elite* of the company, generally, are respectfully informed that their absence is "most tolerable and not to be endured."

The City, Franklin, and Richmond Hill theatres, are still carrying on the war; Cooke's Arena, ditto. The Bowery is to be re-opened in a week or ten days, and by Dinneford, we have heard. The Park closes for a week in about a fortnight, to be re-decorated and embellished, and then——

"Old" Barnes issued the following card on the occasion of his benefit last night:—

A Card.—"Old" Barnes respectfully announces to his friends, the public in general, that his benefit will take place on Friday next, August 4th, when will be produced several surprising novelties; on which occasion he will *not* be assisted by any eminent *volunteer* performers except his wife, and "daughter Charlotte." Though Old Jack cannot boast of being the greatest actor of *two* hemispheres, yet he does (without presuming quite so much as the great luminary of the Tragic Muse did in recent advertisements), claim the superiority over all others in one hemisphere. The difference is not much—half a world is quite enough for him to bustle in. He trusts that all *his* friends and *their* friends, and their friends' friends, will not forget to remember Friday evening; for who can see into the mutability of human events? Should anything happen to this "great-ist" and oldest Comedian, they never could forgive themselves for not being present at his benefit. It would be a source of regret to both young and old for the remainder of their days. The performances will be announced in future advertisements.

The *Vaudevilles* at Niblo's, are as popular as ever. John Sefton, Plumer, Bishop, Jefferson, and Mesdames Bailey, Knight, and Harrison, "do the legitimate," while Mrs. Watson and a number of stars, including three or four named above, appear at the Concerts on the regular nights. We are glad to see Niblo putting money in his purse, and as they say Down East, "shouldn't mind going snacks" with him. Plumer's benefit is fixed for to-night week, when we trust Niblo's liberality will be manifested to a degree that will ensure him a bumper, as he deserves.

LONDON THEATRICALS.

A week of public pleasure, terminating in a matter of public sorrow, is not one very much calculated for the exchequer of theatres, or for the cultivation of that excitement which goes the best way to fill it. The festivities of Ascot have been clouded over sadly, by the alarming state of his Majesty's health; and, as they are of less important things, put that and that together, you may form some conclusion.

The extension of licenses to the minor theatres has expired, and Madame Vestris, one of the favoured trio, not being satisfied with the said extension, takes a benefit at Covent Garden, under the name of Mr. Charles Mathews, another at the English Opera House, under the name of Mr. James Vining, and one at Drury Lane, in her own name, just, to use her own observation, "to keep the pot boiling."

In the meantime Covent Garden has closed one more season of its disgraceful career, not without, we fear, having struck a vital blow to the best interests of the drama. What with the reduction of prices, the paucity of talent, *and the draught to America of what little ability is left us*, the English stage is as surely gone to the devil for a certain time, as we herein state the fact. There is no protection for it at home, that is pretty clear, and therefore, with all these disadvantages it is not at all to be wondered at its going abroad. Nor is there any prospect for the resuscitation of our drama as long as Mr. Stephen Price can lure away performer, after performer, by the promise of so much more remuneration on the other side of the Atlantic; for notwithstanding the spirit of Yankeeism is not yet so prevalent amongst us that this important gentleman can carry any motion he pleases in the Garrick Club without a division of 73 to 16! yet he certainly can promise to actors 20l. a week who are not worth 5l., and shares of houses to stars who ought to have no more than moderate weekly salaries. America is, in fact, as regards the arts, in its infancy; and therefore almost anything will go down there. Here we have not a tragic actor of any pretension, and few comedians. Our force lies in our operatic department; and if that walks away, either by the bribes of this great American conjuror, or his rival, Mr. Hackett, who is daily expected with the next importation of cotton, why the prospects of the British stage, for some time to come, cannot be considered very bright. In the midst of all this, recourse has been had here to foreign talent: and, attractive though it be, we very much doubt if the price of the commodity be not more than the value.

Another reason for such resort may be the fact of the nobility and gentry of this country having long since ceased to patronise anything but what is foreign. Go where you will, you cannot find a finer singer than Mrs. Wood, or a finer performance than her *Catherine Grey*, in Mr. Balfe's new opera; and yet this eminent lady, from the omission of a due appreciation of her talent in London, goes off instanter to America, for the third time. The fact is, we are overcloyed with the good things of the world, and cannot, or will not, any longer appreciate the difference between one commodity and another; and we shall at last grow so neglectful, or so nice, that we shall have no commodity whatever left us to dilate upon.

Drury Lane is in full sail with Taglioni and Devrient, and the English Opera House forthwith begins its season. The great German songstress appears for the first time to-morrow, in Bellini's opera of *Norma*, versified originally for poor Malibran. *The Nymph of the Danube* is also preparing for Taglioni; and thus, with a new ballet and a new opera, the theatre may yet continue fast to its moorings.

The new ballad of "the Cork pot-boy" will be sung by Mr. Joseph Wren Gould, at the next meeting of the Rationals, and is said to be the very *touchstone* of harmony—the very *phosphorus* of "the light of other days."

London Age of June 11th.

The embarrassments of the syren, Vestris, are said to have arisen from the *over accommodating* disposition of some of her ill-discounting friends, and from their having taken *more than common interest* in her affairs in general.

There is no truth whatever in the report that Mrs. Honey, the actress, has retired from the stage, and gone to reside permanently in the neighborhood of *Chesterfield.* The truth is, that the lady is living at Knightsbridge, by no means in a state of seclusion, but in the unrestricted study of her *profession.*

London Satirist.

Charles Kemble is determined to profit by the public gullibility to the last.—His theatrical wardrobe is announced for sale with all due pomp, and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd is preparing speeches for the uncouth mouth of George Robbins, adapted for each dress. One thing, however, is wanting; Charles Kemble should lend his graceful (!) person on the occasion in order to show off his wardrobe. He need not be ashamed of such quackery, it would but crown the acts of his life. But the man still puffs himself off for juvenile. The advertisement says, "His *early* retirement from the boards must ever be deplored." Has he reached a second infancy? If so, we would recommend him to appear as a second young Roscius.

London Satirist.

The fascinating Vestris has got her creditors to take five shillings in the pound, being one quarter of their claim. This is merely tit for tat; she called for *quarter* from them, and now gives *quarter* in return for it.

Paragraphs from late English Papers received at this Office.

"James Locke, Esq.," the accoucheur to the pretended "Royal Belgrave *Lying*-in Institution," being required on one particular Sunday, to attend in his professional capacity a poor woman, one of the objects of charity, declined giving his assistance, shrewdly alleging as an excuse the commandment which forbids all kind of "*labor*" on the Sabbath.

Sam Crawley has had a serious altercation this week with a waiter at the west-end. It is well known that Sam's favorite dish is a calf's head, and that he is consequently most particular as to the manner of its being cooked and served up. On the *bonne bouche* being placed before him, after growling to himself a few seconds, he called for the waiter and remonstrated with him sharply for the dish being so dirty; the waiter denied that it was dirty, whereupon he was called an impudent scoundrel and so forth; then forgetting Sam's dignity, he exclaimed—"Dirty, indeed! you may see your own head in it."

Twiss boasts that his business has greatly increased, and that he is more run after than ever by the attorneys. We are quite aware of the fact that poor Horace *is run after*, but we fear it is by a lower grade of the legal profession than the solicitors.

"Argyll," said Miss Campbell to Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, "has been *more* than a father to me." "So I should imagine, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Stanhope, with a smile that told a tale but too well understood.

"Your master shall be told of your impudence," said a tradesman to a serving gentleman in the establishment of Lord Hood. "My master!" exclaimed the fellow, "is nobody in our house—missus is the only person we cares about, or master either." The man's candor was certainly commendable.

At a late city feed, at which Sir Claudius Hunter presided, Alderman Venables, on being called upon for a toast, set the table in a roar by giving, in his usual quaint style, "Vine, Vimen, Wittuls, and Vellington."

It being stated that the monkey went up with Mrs. Graham at her last ascent, it is right to mention that his Highness of Brunswick was not the fellow voyager of the lady on that occasion.

If the backers of Hornsea have not been *cupped*, they have certainly not escaped being *bled*, and that freely, by the contrivers of the late Ascot robbery.

The flats were so numerous at Ascot this year, that Lord George Bentinck has suggested the propriety of calling it in future the *ass-caught* meeting.

Sir Peter Laurie, like Mr. Inspector Rice, is a deadly foe to any species of gallantry by which public morals may be endangered. In reply to an application made to him at the Mansion-house a few days ago, relative to an "establishment" at the West-end, formed for the purpose, as its circulars stated, of "affording intellectual relaxation, and at the same time pleasure," Sir Peter declared that if any importation of ladies took place in the City, he "would soon rout them out." This is a warning which all the civic frail ones would do well to note. Perhaps, however, Sir Peter means merely to encourage "native talent," only permitting the recognised traders and dealers in the forbidden commodity to go their rounds in the City. If so, the "nymphs who love the moon" in this district, owe him a debt of gratitude, of which, if his morals allowed, he might avail himself whenever he pleased.

It seems that when a pawnbroker's stock of pledges is consumed by fire, as happened, by the way, the other day in Liquorpond-street, he is not compelled to reimburse the pledgers to the extent of a single farthing. He may, however, and mostly does, insure his stock; consequently, a fire, when it does happen, is a godsend of considerable magnitude. The insurance offices are, of course, compelled to disburse, but whether "my uncle" feels it a matter of conscience to do likewise with respect to the poor sufferers, is, we apprehend, somewhat problematical.

London Satirist.

The vestral purity of the fashionable world is not, according to our best belief, of the highest order. However, we tell all young gentlemen who venture to marry, that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Should there, however, be any married Benedict, who is not quite satisfied with the bargain he has made, we would recommend him to go and see a picture which is announced in a collection for sale; it is called "an ideal virgin." He might, by close inspection, form some idea himself of what a virgin ought to be; and he can draw his conclusions accordingly. We beg to state that it is not a portrait of Miss Martineau.

Matilda, the elegant, vulgarly called the *Morning Post*, declareth officially, that because the Earl of Eglington "has refused an invitation to Newcastle races,"—well what think ye, readers?—why, that his lordship "is not paying his attentions to a celebrated beauty in that neighborhood." Verily this is a *sequitur* with a vengeance, and such an one as only the *Post could* rejoice in.

The fool's oracle, called "The Court Circular," saith, "The Ladies Jenkinson ride daily in their new and elegant phæton. Two splendid horses have been purchased for it by the Earl of Liverpool, but they are too young and *untutored* to appear this season." Really this intelligence is most important, and of far more consequence than the national bankruptcy in America. The idea of the Earl of Liverpool having purchased "two splendid horses!" "Untutored," too! Of course, the courtly newsman means unsullied by society.—What amiable quadrupeds!

London Satirist.

Faux Pas Extraordinary.—Considerable excitement has been caused in a family of distinction at the west-end, in consequence of a discovery having been made of an affair of the most distressing and delicate nature. The parties implicated in the business are said to be the wife and nephew of the injured party, who, on returning from the "senate" one evening last week, was made but too sensible of the fact. It is surmised that the guilty parties have absconded together, both having disappeared shortly after the discovery was made. The lady is a *blonde*, of fascinating appearance and manners, and the partner of her crime a young gentleman qualifying for the bar, whose age does not exceed twenty, while that of the lady is thirty-five.

London Sunday Times.

"How are you off for soap?" is a cant phrase with the boys in the streets, and has, we hear, originated in a blackguard accusation against the Ministry, exhibited at the last election for Westminster, announcing their refusal to repeal the soap duty. A Welsh member remarked that Bonham was the author of the placard. He is not *so-'appy.*

We find in Leigh Hunt's *Guide* the way in which you can most effectually please your friends, which is—Go to India—stay there twenty years—work hard—get money—save it—come home—bring with you a store of wealth and a diseased liver—visit your friends—make a will—provide for them all—then die. What a prudent, good, generous, kind-hearted soul you will be!

Prison-bars.—The rustic sport of prison-bars was once a royal amusement. King Edward VI., in his Diary, tells us that on the 31st of March, 1519, he offered "a challenge, that he and sixteen gentlemen of his chamber would run at base and run at the ring, with any seventeen of the Court."

The Liverpool correspondent of the New York Evening Star, communicates the following affairs of the heart:—

"There has been an elopement in high life. Mr. Conroy, son of Sir John Conroy, (equery to the Princess Victoria) has *bolted* off with Lady Alicia Parsons, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Rosse, an Irish peer. The elopement was in this wise:

Three years since the youthful pair met at a quadrille party at Tunbridge Wells, where the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria were spending the summer. D'Israeli insists that there is such a thing as "love at first sight," and might quote this as an instance, for it is certain they were mutually smitten, and thus they continued until ten days since. They met where, how, and when they could—Love, you know, will do all these things. It is like a hydraulic power—always finding its own level. At a late Almack's ball, Lady Alicia and Mr. Conroy were again partners in the mazy dance. He pleaded his suit—she blushed a good deal and scolded a little. He spoke of marriage—she of the pain it would give her papa. He whispered "Gretna Green" and the lady sighed—he talked of flight, and she patted his cheek prettily with her fan,—he said he had a carriage and four in readiness at the end of Oxford street, and she—"saying she would not consent, consented." So, away they went, and the next day but one saw them in the little parlor of Gretna. They have not yet been reconciled to Lord Rosse, but no doubt will. Meantime 'tis the town talk: since Brinsley Sheridan run away with Mr. Grant, the rich heiress, there has been nothing of the sort in London life.

A circumstance occurred last week which has had a termination which may be fatal. The names of the parties have not transpired—the few papers that have alluded to the matter merely giving initials. The Hon. Mr. H—— had a lady, aged 35, and a nephew aged 23. The parties eloped—some saying that the youth was the seduced, not the seducer. He is spoken of as Mr. M——. On Tuesday they met, near the Regents Park, and the duel was on the point of taking place when a carriage and four rapidly dashed up, and a lady jumped out. She made for the place of combat, but ere she reached the combatants, they had exchanged shots, and a brace of bullets had entered the body of her much lamented husband. She exclaimed "I have murdered him guilty wretch that I am." She threw herself on the ground by his side—tore her garments to staunch the blood which rapidly gushed from his wound—fetched water from an adjacent spring to cast in his face, and bathed his cold forehead with her repentant tears. When the husband revived, he was agitated, beyond measure, at seeing by his side the woman, whom he had much trusted, by whom he had been much wronged. He fainted again, and the lady was taken away. Since then she has not seen him, but it is said she has made two attempts on her life. The husband was, at first, believed to be mortally wounded, but it is now said that he has some chance of recovery. The nephew has fled to France."

On Wednesday evening, after the *fete* of the Champ de Mars, while the crowd was passing through the gates, and screams were heard on every side, M. R——, an honest shopkeeper of the Rue St. Dennis, supported his wife, whose enormous rotundity rendered a passage through the crowd by no means an easy operation. "I dare say," said he gaily to those around him, "that the pickpockets are at work, but I have secured myself against their attempts." "I should have been glad had I known your plan," replied a youth behind him, "for I have just lost my handkerchief." "You should have done as I have done," quoth M. R——. "And pray how was that?" "I crammed my watch, my purse, and my wife's bag into my handkerchief, and put them all into my coat pocket, fastening them with ten or fifteen pins. Let them rob me if they can!" The young man complimented him on the ingenuity of his plan. On reaching the quay where the crowd was less dense, M. R—— placed his hand with confidence on his pocket to take out the precious deposit, but what was his surprise when he found that his coat was minus the skirts, and had been transformed, in the neatest manner possible, into a jacket, thus affording to M. R—— an opportunity of exercising his ingenuity to devise some other plan of protection for the next fete.

A SCENE AT THE THEATRE.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

[The following excellent scene is extracted from Mr. Hook's last new novel of Jack Brag, a work full of the author's well-known peculiarities, and radiant with wit and humor. It was published here at the commencement of "the crisis," and fell still-born from the press—an unavoidable, but undeserved fate.

The hero's mother, a tallow-chandler's fat and vulgar widow, has married her apprentice, James Salmon, and with her boy-husband and dashing son, is spending the honeymoon at Lewes, a provincial town in England.]

Jack Brag and his father-in-law proceeded to the theatre, where Jack, by dint of certain flourishes, secured one of the stage-boxes, which, luckily for the gratification of his ambitious heart, had been given up only a few minutes before by a very distinguished country lady, who was unable to occupy it because her ninth child had been suddenly attacked with scarlatina.

In turning away from the door of the playhouse, Jack was struck by the well-turned figure of an exceedingly smartly dressed woman, whom by her gait and manner, taken in connection with the locality, he was induced on the instant to set down in his own mind as one of the actresses. Jack was right; it was one of those fair and fascinating creatures, who, as Gay says of women in general,

——"seduce all mankind;"

but his surprise was inconceivably great when he saw her, the moment she recognised his companion, hasten up and hold out her hand towards him with all the warmth and cordiality of "old fellowship."

"Why, Mr. Salmon," said Miss Roseville, "what brings *you* here?"

"Chance, and a little business together," said Salmon; "twig?"

"I hope you mean to come to the play to-night," said Miss Roseville, with one of those looks which it is beyond the power of pen to describe.

"We have just taken a box," said Salmon.

"Where are you staying?" said Miss Roseville.

"At the Star," was the reply.

"Do you stay long?"

"No," said Salmon; "go to-morrow."

"Oh, you naughty thing!" said the lady. "Well, good bye, if I don't see you till the evening—I lodge at the milliner's, just opposite—good bye."

Her departure was a considerable relief to J. S., who was kept in a state of perpetual twitter during the brief parley between them. He would willingly have given five pounds not to have encountered the fair syren while in the society of Brag; and would now have given twice as much to insure his silence upon the subject when they got home.

"Why," said Brag, "you seem quite free and easy with that young creechur—who is she?"

"That," said Jim, "is Molly Hogg. I've known her these three years—she is engaged at one of the Minors, and calls herself in the bills Miss Roseville—it sounds better than Hogg—very good-natured girl."

"She seems so," said Brag, "and no mistake."

"I'm sure I didn't think of finding *her* here," said Salmon; "I haven't seen her now for a good while."

"Uncommon pretty," said Brag. "I suppose I have seen her before—don't recollect—see so many—eh?"

"Well," said Salmon, evidently nervous, "shall we go and do this bill? I'll give you the check; or, if you like, I'll draw it in town to-morrow, and cross it to your banker's—save another stamp—twig? And, John—there's no harm in what I'm going to say—only you can do me a favor."

"What is that?" said Brag, "name it, and it's done—straight up, right down, and no mistake."

"Why," said Salmon, looking uncommonly sheepish; "there's nothing in it—but—I—wish you would'nt say anything to Titsy about my meeting little Hogg."

"Not I," said John; "I know the female sex too well not to know how easy they are made jealous—I conclude there's nothing serious?"

"Nothing, upon my life!" said Salmon; "besides, I give you my word, I haven't seen the girl these six months—twig?"

"Mum's the word," said Brag; "no—no—there's no use making quarrels in families—life's too short for that, eh?"

"Well, I'm sure, gentlemen," said the matron, as they entered the room, "you havn't hurried yourselves."

"We have been shopping, Titsy," said Salmon.

"Don't Titsy me, sir," replied the lady, her cheeks burning, and her eyes almost starting out of her head.—"I have been shopping too; you did not suppose I was going to be stewed up in this place, while you and Mr. John were flirting all about the town. I have got eyes, Mr. Salmon, and I'll take care and make pretty good use of them—I can tell you *that*. Pray, sir, who was that fine flaunting Miss in the lavender-colored gown, with the short petticoats, and plaited tails over her shoulders?"

"Gown?" said Jim.

"Tails?" said Jack.

"Yes!" said the lady, reddening with rage, "gowns and tails; you are a nice pair,—you'd do uncommon well to run in a curricle, I'm thinking. I ask you who that dressed-up minx was that you were talking to in the street?"

"A friend of mine, my dear mother," said Brag, resolved to bind Jim eternally to him by an act of self-devotion, which, in the first instance, might induce him to make the check five hundred instead of three—"knew her in London—one of the actresses—met her at Lord Tom's—used always to take a box at her benefit—very amiable girl—supports an aged mother and nine brothers and sisters." *

"A friend of yours, Master Johnny, is she!" said Mrs. Salmon; "why, then, I wonder she didn't shake you by the hand instead of Mr. Jim—that won't do—no, no!—*This* was the trick of coming over here to the play, instead of enjoying the agreeable company of that genteel Colonel, and showing him how we had made up matters, and how comfortable we could live together. Oh! to be sure! Mr. Salmon saw in the playbill who was to act here, and off he comes, helter skelter, no matter what's to pay, in order to see *her* painted face."

"I assure you, Titsy," said Salmon, "I did not know a word about it; and as for going to the play, if you don't like it, we won't go; and if you like to go back to Eastbourne, we will go back directly."

"I'm sure that's fair enough," said Brag; "so don't let's squabble about nothing. Men of the world know great lots of people for whom they don't care a brass farthing. Here, dinner's just ready—the stage-box secured—all right, and no mistake."

"Well," said the lady, "I don't want to break up our little family party, and I should like well enough to go to the play; but I will not go if that young woman performs to-night. What's her name, John?"

"Hogg," said Jack. "Didn't you say Hogg, Salmon?"

"I?" said Jim; "no, *you* said her name was Hogg."

"So I did, to be sure," said Jack.

"Have you got the playbill, sir?" said the lady to her husband.

"Yes, there it is," said Salmon. "And now, while Titsy is looking that over, we may as well do this job about the check."

"All right," said Jack; "come along—here's pen and ink. You draw on me, I accept—payable at my banker's."

At this moment, and just as Mrs. Salmon had satisfied herself that no person blessed with the euphonic name of Hogg was to contribute to the entertainment of that night's audience, a tall, fresh-colored chambermaid opened the door, having previously tapped at it, and entered the room.

"I believe, ma'am," said she, addressing Mrs. Salmon, "my mistress misunderstood you; she said there were only two beds wanting to-night—do both the gentlemen stay here?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Salmon; "both."

"Then the young gentlemen will want two," said the maid, "and——"

"No, no," said Mrs. Salmon, "we want but two."

"Then where will your son sleep, ma'am?" asked the maid.

"My son," said Mrs. Salmon—"why, in his own bed, to be sure; where else should he sleep?"

"Then where will Mr. Brag sleep, ma'am?" said the maid.

"Why, Mr. Brag *is* my son," said the lady.

"Oh! beg pardon, ma'am," said the chambermaid. "I thought the other young man was *your* son, being the same name."*

"Thought!" said Mrs. Salmon; "then you had better not have taken the trouble of thinking anything about it. Mr. Salmon is my husband: will *that* satisfy you?"

"Oh! quite, ma'am," said the maid, looking exceedingly surprised, and particularly foolish. "I beg pardon—I——"

And so she retired, having by no means contributed to the settlement of Mrs. Salmon's agitated mind, who, the moment the door was shut, fired up anew, and exclaimed in a tone of exasperation—

"No wonder, Mr. Jemes, the woman should be mistaken. I have no doubt she saw your goings on in the street, and so made up her mind that you could'nt be a marrried man."

"Never mind her mistake, mother," said Jack, who was determined to keep all things smooth; "you can't expect much wisdom in a chambermaid—so—now here's dinner, let us overcome all our little worries, and you two shake hands and be friends, and no mistake."

"Come, Titsy," said Salmon, holding out his hand.

"Oh!" said the lady, snatching away hers, "I've no patience with you."

When they sat down to their meal, common prudence dictated the observance of tranquillity and civility before the waiters, and the dinner happening to be good, and the wine extremely palatable, the matron softened from her stern resolve, and before it was time to go to the play peace was restored, and a calumet like glass, to the healths of their noble selves, concluded the sitting, whence, it must be owned, Mrs. Salmon rose with some reluctance, and not a little difficulty. The change of air, the increased exercise, the bottled porter at luncheon, the irritation before dinner, and the strong-bodied port wine after it, had combined to cloud the clearness of her mental faculties, and to a certain extent deteriorate from her bodily activity.

Supported, however, by her living, loving props, the matron succeeded in reaching the theatre. When they arrived the play had just begun, and the bangings and flappings of the door and seats drew all eyes to the stage-box, in the front row of which, and nearly occupying it all, Mrs. Salmon placed herself, J. S. taking seat beside her—

"Still fond, and amorous, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling;"

Jack occupying the place immediately behind his mother. To be sure, however desirable the stage-box might have appeared to be, the circumstances which had occurred during the day rendered it, if a post of honor, at least a post of danger, particularly as far as Jim was concerned. In the first place, the glare of the whole row of flaring lights in front of the stage rested directly upon Mrs. Salmon's eyes; in the second place, the illumination proceeding from the said lights exhibited her personal attractions, and all the peculiarity of her costume, with a most awful precision to the audience; and in the third place, their proximity to the actors, and the view which the box commanded of "behind the scenes," not only destroyed her comfort as destroying the illusion, but afforded the most unfortunately favorable opportunity for Miss Roseville, *nee* Hogg, to telegraph J. S. at every available opportunity.

The play was Othello. The Moor, by what is called a London Star—King Log amongst the frogs; and as luck would have it, Miss Roseville, who in London had been doomed to the humbler walks of the illegitimate drama, was the Desdemona. She was naturally elated at her promotion, and determined to act in right earnest. To Mrs. Salmon, Shakspeare was a sealed book—she seldom went to theatres in London, and even if she did, the size of the houses, combined with the distance at which she sat from the stage, would have rendered any one of his finest plays a mere blank to her mind. But it so happened that she had never seen Othello, and although it is quite impossible to spare sufficient space in these pages to record all her running commentary on the text as it proceeded, we may be able to save a little of it, which certainly did contain some new ideas and illustrations, even after Johnson, Warberton, Steevens, Malone & Co. had done their best, or worst.

In the senate scene she began to criticise the probability of the story. "Run away with an old man's daughter!—what, a nigger!—Stuff—nonsense, Jim—not true. What does he mean by his head and front? I don't see any curls. Antropoppygeis—where do they live?—with their heads under their shoulders. Well, I'm sure—heard her story by parcels—that was to save postage I suppose."

This accompaniment was droned out in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to induce the audience to cry "Hush! hush! silence!" and to compel Jack just respectfully to hint that his mother's remarks were, unlike the speeches of certain modest members in another place, quite audible in the gallery; but just as that nigger, as Mrs. Salmon called the Moor, had got to the words

——"she wished
That heaven had made *her* such a man,"

Desdemona—Miss Roseville—Molly Hogg herself, appeared at the wing, ready to come on—the moment she arrived there, and before her train was consigned to the dirt of the stage, her eye caught that of Salmon—a look of recognition followed—the excited matron saw it—she, what she called, "contained herself" at the minute—but coupling what she had seen in the afternoon with what she then witnessed, she was not long in making up her mind, that although she had unplaited her tails and lengthened her petticoats, the girl in the lavender gown in the street was the nigger's wife in the play.

Miss Roseville was extremely well received, and played very respectably, and things went on very quietly; but after Mrs. Salmon had somewhat loudly denounced Brabantio as an old fool for making it up, and the scene had proceeded to where Othello takes Desdemona away, Miss Roseville, having nothing better to do, cast a lightning look at Jim Salmon, standing within two yards of him, and when she made her exit, the old lady could no longer resist the influence of her rage.

"Did you see *that*, Mr. Jemes?"

"What, Titsy?—what?" asked Salmon.

"That girl's look at *you*," replied the enraged wife. "I'm sure it's the same I saw you talking to before dinner. If she does it again I'll speak to her—I will——"

"My dear mother," said Jack, interposing in a whisper. The attempt, however, was futile; the demon had been awakened, and was not so easily to be appeased. It is true, that while the dreadful Desdemona was out of sight, it seemed to slumber; although when Cassio, by Iago's desire, gives Emilia a chaste salute, Mrs. Salmon's delicacy was so greatly alarmed that she exclaimed, "Well, I'm sure, what next?" which created a slight laugh in the vicinity of the stage, and even on the stage itself; and when Othello performed a similar act of kindness to Desdemona, a somewhat similar observation escaped her. Still as the heroine happened to be placed during that short scene with her back towards their box, nothing occurred to rouse the lion, until as she turned to go off, the irresistible desire of Miss Roseville, *nee* Hogg, to ascertain who Mrs. Salmon was, and in what manner she could be related to or connected with her smart friend Jim, induced her to throw another transient glance into the corner where they sat—a movement which was instantly followed by Mrs. Salmon's giving her husband a pinch, of anything but an amatory character, on his knee, accompanied with a terrible "ugh," at the bottom of her voice. Her agitation now became visible, and the next thing she did was to take so horrible a dislike to Iago for being vulgar enough to mention king Stephen's inexpressibles by their coarsest and common name, that her companions began to think that she was sufficiently disgusted with what was going on to wish to retire; but no—as soon as *the* scene between Othello and Iago commences, her attention was fatally recalled. She fancied and felt that it was all real, and got so interested in the progress of the discovery of Desdemona's guilt, of which she was herself perfectly satisfied, that she kept encouraging him by continuous exclamations of "That's right,"—"Tell him all,"—"Nasty huzzy!"—and when he came to the words

"Beware, my lord, of, jealousy!
It is a green-eyed monster"—

she could not help saying to J. S. in a tone by no means confidential—"Better *that* than a black-eyed one, at any rate."

Things after this proceeded rather calmly, until the Moor, in the height of his rage and abhorrence, exclaimed in a most impassioned manner,

"I'd rather be a toad"—

Mrs. Salmon, who did not wait for the alternative, cried out loud enough to be heard half over the house—"Well, that's a rum taste, anyhow!"

This observation again attracted the attention of the gentle Desdy, who was again at the side scene, waiting for her cue to come on with the handkerchief, and again her regards were thrown upon Salmon.

"There, Jim," said the lady, "there she is again." And when she appeared solacing her husband on account of his headache, all her anxieties were met by her respectable rival and auditor with the words "Gammon!"—"Pooh!"—"I don't believe you;" until, on quitting the stage, and repeating the words,

"I am very sorry that you are not well!"

Miss Hogg certainly *did* look somewhat pointedly at Mrs. Salmon herself.

"I'll tear her eyes out, Jemes," said the bride.

"Shall I go away, Titsy?" said Salmon.

"Go away, indeed!" replied the lady—"no, no!—you don't budge one inch. Did you ever," continued she, turning to her son, "see such impernence as that? I'll watch her pretty closely, and if it's what I think—if I don't—never mind; them as lives longest sees the most."

This sounded ominous, but Jack and Salmon hoped that nothing more would come of it. However, when Desdemona next appeared, and ventured so near the box that the direction of her eyes could no longer be doubted, although the expression of her countenance was more indicative of anger and curiosity than of love, Mrs. Salmon exclaimed—

"Jim, I'll spit in her face?"

"Titsy! Titsy!" said Salmon.

"Oh, Titsy! my eye!" cried she; "can't I see?"

"Hush! hush! hush!" cried the audience in the boxes. "Silence!" said the pit. "Turn her out!" roared the gallery.

This noise the more particularly attracted the looks of Miss Roseville to the offending party, and consequently provoked some horrid grimaces on the part of the jealous wife, which, when the poor girl put on something like a supplicating look, was consummated by Mrs. Salmon's performing that which my friend Mr. Gurney saw the convicted pot-stealer at the Old Bailey exhibit to the astonished judge, in the shape of what is conventionally called a double sight. Still the tumult was suppressed—every glass in Lady Patcham's box being directed point blank into Brag's box—until that part of the scene in which Desdemona, (still availing herself of every opportunity of casting looks, rather of inquiry than of tenderness, towards Salmon,) is spoken to by Othello in the most cutting terms. At every one of his severest speeches, Mrs. Salmon kept crying out in a sort of spasmodic whisper, "That's it!"—"Give it her, nigger!"—"Sarve her right!" till at last the Moor became so violent that even the mightiness of Shakspeare himself does not justify a repetition here of the word he uses, called her an impudent—something; when Mrs. Salmon, starting from her seat, exclaimed at the top of her voice, "You are right, old fellow!—she *is* one, and I know it!"

Here the uproar became general—the cry of "Turn her out!" instead of being confined to the gallery, was universal. The black star came forward and bowed; Desdemona herself stepped to the front and performed a certain number of regulation heavings and pantings, amidst loud cries of "Down! down! Silence! silence!"—Salmon holding his bride back in an immense fright, and Jack actually ready to die of the disaster.

After a few minutes silence was obtained, when Miss Roseville, trembling like a leaf, said, or rather faltered out—

"La-dies and gen-tle-men"—(there a flood of tears P. S. produced three rounds of applause)—"I am placed in a situation of painful difficulty. Conscious of earnestly exerting the small ability I possess for your entertainment, I find myself so loudly and constantly interrupted by a lady in the stage-box, of whom I have no knowledge, that I have only to throw myself upon the accustomed liberality of a British public for protection." (Loud cheers.) "If I have offended"—("No, no, no!")—"Ladies and gentlemen, from my heart I thank you!" This said, with a profound inclination of the head, hands crossed over the bosom, and a courtesy down to the ground, which produced upon Miss Molly Hogg's drapery the effect of what is called in gamesome times "making a cheese," produced reiterated shouts, accompanied with cries, "Turn them out!—turn them out!"

Now had Mrs. Salmon's wrath reached its highest pitch: "I won't go out!" she exclaimed. "It's very fine your talking; but I'll tell you what, Miss Hogg—I won't let you stand making sheep's eyes at my J. S.—I won't; and if you come near him, I'll tear them out of your head, and leave you to see through the holes."

Here the riot and confusion were such as to convince Brag that nothing but the retirement of his respectable parent could save her from expulsion; he therefore put on a supplicating air, and begged her to come out with *him*—a petition in which Mr. Salmon earnestly joined, and for which his exemplary bride, having no other means of venting her rage, gave him a most tremendous slap in the face, which sent him sprawling over the second seat, accompanied with a loud remark that he was as bad as Molly Hogg. Jack, assisted by a box-keeper and the manager, succeeded in getting the infuriated dame into the lobby, whence seeing a door at its termination evidently leading on the stage, she dashed through it, and if, by the merest chance in the world, her companions had not kept fast hold of her, she would assuredly have rushed on the scene, and utterly annihilated the gentle heroine of the night in the sight of all the audience.

A TIGER HUNT ON THE NEILGHERRY HILLS.

BY AN OLD FOREST RANGER.

We left our Neilgherry friends asleep, and Master Charles engaged in such very pleasant dreams, that it appears almost cruel to disturb him.

But daylight begins to dapple the Eastern sky, the jungle-cocks are crowing, and old Ismail, who has been kept awake all night by the pain of his wounded shoulder, is so clamorous for revenge, that, for peace sake, we must rouse them to prosecute our feud with the tiger.

"Sound the *réveille*, then, your tiresome old pagan, and let's to it with a will."

But whilst our worthy friend Lorimer is rubbing his eyes, and damning the bugle, as he no doubt will do most heartily, we may as well mention the arrangements which he and Mansfield had made the night before, whilst Charles was so well employed in flirting with his pretty cousin. Of course the first thing to be done was to attack the tiger. But as they expected to make short work of him, and as many of the hounds, which were wounded, would not be ready for work for some days, it was settled that, as soon as the tiger was disposed of, Mansfield and Charles should mount their horses, and ride off to a famous spot in the great jungle, about twenty miles from the foot of the hills, where bison, deer, and wild elephants abounded; and where they might amuse themselves for a few days till Ishmail and his dogs were sufficiently recovered to take the field again. Agreeably to this arrangement, tents and camp-equipage had been sent on during the night to be ready for their reception; and Charles, although he sighed at the idea of parting from his beloved Kate for three, perhaps four long days, looked forward with no small degree of interest to the prospect of opening his first campaign in the forest, under the auspices of so famous a sportsman as Mansfield.

"What the devil brings you here!" exclaimed old Lorimer, as Ishmail, armed to the teeth, advanced to hold the stirrup whilst he mounted his horse; "I thought Dr. Macphee had ordered you to keep your bed."

"He did so, *sahib*; but I could not rest. There is blood between that tiger and me, and my wounds will not heal till I have been revenged on him. With the permission of your highness, I must have a hand in his death."

"Well, well, so be it, you blood-thirsty old savage, and much good may it do you. But is all prepared—have plenty of fireworks been sent to the ground—and has the ravine been watched during the night?"

"The slaves of your highness never sleep, *sahib*. Our best scouts have been on the watch ever since yesterday; a mouse could not pass them unobserved; and I myself have seen that there are plenty of fireworks prepared. By the holy Prophet, it shall not be for want of fire if he beats us this time."

"Good!—Then mount and follow us."

The sun was just peeping over the hill-tops as our party came in sight of the ravine, where they had left the tiger the evening before. Under the shelter of a large tree, a group of natives, who had been relieved from their cheerless watch, sat enveloped in their dark *cumbleys*, couching round the embers of a wood fire, and shivering with cold, as they handed from one to another the social *kallioon*, the never-failing comfort, and almost only luxury of the temperate Hindoo.

"These poor fellows have had a cold night's work," remarked old Lorimer, as the natives arose to salute him; "but never mind, we shall soon find employment for them that will warm their blood, else I'm mistaken. Here, Ayapah, what news of the tiger? Have you marked him in?"

"*Ho, sahib*;"* replied Ayapah, bringing the palms of his hands together, and raising them to his forehead, as in the attitude of prayer. "The tiger awaits your highness's pleasure."

"Where is he?—In this ravine?"

"No, *sahib*. He killed a bullock last night, and is now lying in a small ravine close to the *Todah Mund*."

"All the better; we shall have the less trouble in driving him out. Ayapah, show us the way."

Ayapah shook the dew from his *cumbley*, drew his *cumberbund* more tightly round his loins, thrust a long hunting-knife into his belt, and grasping his matchlock, led the way down a rocky path which crossed the large ravine, in the direction of the *Todah Mund*.

"Are not these a fine race of men?" remarked Mansfield, as they approached the village, pointing to a group of *Todahs* who were lounging about, with the bold, careless air of independent mountaineers. "How different is their manner from that of the effeminate Hindoos. You see they are perfectly respectful, and salute us with a gentle inclination of the head; but there is nothing cringing or timid in their mode of doing so. They are too dignified even to evince curiosity, which they consider womanish, and appear to be almost unconscious of our presence. Look at that fine venerable old patriarch leaning against his hut, which appears hardly large enough to contain him; his high and strongly-marked features bear the native stamp of dignity, whilst his finely formed head, covered with a profusion of short curling hair, and the lower part of his face almost concealed by his enormous whiskers and long flowing beard, might serve as models for a bust of Hercules."

"They are indeed a noble race of people," replied Charles, "and not only their appearance, but their dress is perfectly classical. That single web of coarse cloth, thrown around them in graceful folds, is exactly the Roman toga."

"And here comes a Roman matron," added Mansfield, pointing to a very handsome Todah woman, who approached them, followed by a laughing group of naked children. She was dressed in a web of cloth similar to that worn by the men, but arranged so as to conceal more of the person. Her complexion was not much darker than that of an Italian, and her skin so transparent, that the blue veins could be distinctly traced under it. Her long silky hair, the arrangement of which had evidently cost her some little trouble, hung in flowing ringlets over her shoulders, and her only ornaments were some heavy bracelets formed of brass. Her easy, natural, yet graceful carriage was that of a true child of nature; ignorant of crime, and happy in her ignorance; whilst her clear hazel eye, beaming with confidence and innocent simplicity, formed a striking contrast to the dark rolling voluptuous orbs of the more coy beauties of the plain. She displayed none of the haughty reserve so remarkable in the men; but coming up to the party, with a smiling air, began, like a true daughter of Eve, to talk with great energy, laughing and gesticulating all the time, and appearing perfectly satisfied with hers lf; although it was evident, from the manner of her hearers, that they did not understand a single word she said.

"Who would have supposed that this pretty young creature is the wife of ten or a dozen husbands?" remarked Mansfield.

"The wife of a dozen husbands!" exclaimed Charles in astonishment. "Why, Mansfield, you are laughing at me. A plurality of wives is bad enough, but who ever heard of a plurality of husbands! The thing is impossible."

"Both possible and true," replied Mansfield; "all these men whom you see lounging about are her husbands. The law of the Todahs allows but one wife to the inhabitants of each village, and, till within the last few years, a still more barbarous custom existed amongst them, that of destroying all the female children, except one, which was reared to supply the place of the mother. I am happy to say, however, that Government have succeeded in putting a stop to this horrible system of infanticide. You may remark that there are now as many female as male children, and as these grow up, the plurality of husbands will no doubt gradually fall into disuse."

"Now then, lads," exclaimed old Lorimer, bustling up with his heavy rifle across his shoulder, "let's to work, and see who'll win the tiger-skin. Bones of my ancestors, boys, I never saw so pretty a place to kill a tiger in all my life; but come and see—I think I have arranged it so that he can hardly slip through our fingers."

The place into which the tiger had been marked was a small ravine at the back of the village; the tangled brushwood which grew out of the sides, meeting over it in the form of an arch, so as to exclude the rays of the sun even at mid-day. A few large trees grew along the banks, perched upon which the sportsmen might defy the rage of their formidable enemy; and the ground, for several hundred yards on each side, was open and free from brushwood, so that the tiger could not possibly break cover without exposing himself to a murderous fire.

"Now, then, gentlemen, we have no time to lose," cried Lorimer, "you must each climb into one of these trees; Ishmail and his gang will scour the ravine with rockets, and the moment the tiger is afoot you will be good enough to give the alarm, that the beaters may fall back to the shelter of the village. As to you, Father Long-legs," addressing the doctor, "I beg that you will keep your eyes open, and try for once to shoot like a gentleman. By the beard of the Prophet, if you allow the tiger to pass you, as you did the deer yesterday, I shall be

* Yes, Sir.

tempted to send you a messenger from old 'Kill-devil,' that will make you jump off your perch like an electrified frog."

"Hoot toot! Maister Lorimer, but your awfu' raised like this mornin'," replied the doctor, grinning like an ogre; "I'm thinkin' ye'er turnin' daft on our hands a' thegether. To speak o' knockin' a dacent man aff the top o' a tree like a hoody-craw!—Shooting an M. D. wi' as little ceremony as if he were a muckle black ape!—O'd, sir, you're no canny—you're waur than the tigre himsel'!—I'll just speel up, and be out o' your reach afore the deevle gets the upper hand o' you."

So saying, the doctor sprang to the nearest tree, into which he climbed with wonderful agility; and having perched himself astride on a comfortable branch, sat dangling his long legs, and grinning defiance like an overgrown baboon. The rest of the party followed his example, and were soon perched on the various trees which skirted the ravine. Old Lorimer alone remained on foot, being too unwieldy to attempt such feats of agility.

"What do you intend to do, sir?" inquired Mansfield, hailing him from a tree; "you are not going to remain on foot, are you?"

"Not exactly on foot," replied Lorimer, "I intend to sit on that bush;" pointing to one on a little rising ground about two hundred yards from the ravine. "I shall look on, and if you all miss the tiger, I shall be ready to *wipe your eye*—so mind your hits."

"You don't mean to say you will trust yourself on that bush!" exclaimed Mansfield in astonishment. "Why, it is not three feet from the ground—and if the tiger charges you, you are perfectly at his mercy."

"It is not exactly the most desirable seat in the world," replied the old gentleman, laughing; "but it is better than nothing. The tiger is less likely to charge me there than if I were on foot. And supposing he does come at me, I must just trust to Providence and old 'Kill-devil,' as I have often done before. Here, Ishmail, just throw a *cumbley* over it, to keep out the thorns, and help me to get up. So, so!—that's very comfortable—now then, my rifle, and then to work. Don't spare the rockets—singe his whiskers for him the blackguard."

Ishmail grinned a fiendish smile as he moved off to obey his orders.

The bush which Lorimer had selected for his seat was one of those thorny shrubs which, growing in round isolated masses, become so densely matted and interwoven together, as to afford an excellent seat, which, when covered by a thick blanket, to defend one from the thorns, is almost as comfortable as an air cushion. On the top of this sat old Lorimer, much to the amusement of his young companions, with his legs crossed under him, and his rifle resting on his knees, looking perfectly happy, and very much like the figure of a Chinese mandarin on a mantel-piece.

Whizz!—crack!—away goes a rocket darting through the tangled brushwood in a zigzag course, like a fiery serpent.

It is answered by a tremendous roar, which makes the earth tremble.

Hurra! a whole volley of rockets sweep the ravine like a storm of fire. Now then he must show himself—nothing but a salamander can stand this. Every rifle is cocked, and every eye strained to catch a glimpse of the skulking savage.

"Look out! he is afoot!" shouted Mansfield, as a low growl and a rustling in the bottom announced that the tiger was at hand. "Be ready for a start, Ishmail, and see that all the beaters make a dash for the village the moment he shows himself."

Again all was hushed in breathless silence, but no tiger appeared.

"Confound the skulking brute," roared old Lorimer, *hatching* about on the top of his bush in an agony of impatience. "Blaze away, Ishmail, give him more fire, man; blow the cowardly beast to the devil!"

Again a shower of rockets swept the ravine from end to end. Again the beaters rent the air with their shouts, but still no tiger. Ishmail actually foamed with rage, and Mansfield, unable longer to restrain his impatience, sprang from the tree. "I see how it is," cried he, snorting like a war-horse, "he has got into a cave again, as these hill tigers always do when they can. But though it be deep as hell, and dark as Erebus, I'll have him out. Here, my hearties, lend a hand to cut away some of these bushes, that we may see what we are about."

The bushes having been partly cleared away, so as to admit sufficient daylight, Mansfield cautiously descended into the ravine, closely followed by the trusty Ishmail. After a short search, they discovered a small rocky cave in the bank of the ravine, the entrance to which was about four feet from the ground.

"He must have taken shelter here," remarked Mansfield, "and if so, it strikes me I shall be able to manage him. The entrance to the cave being so high above the ground, I can peep in without showing anything but my head; and if I can only catch the glare of his eyes, I think I can plant a ball between them before he has time to make up his mind for a charge."

"It is a dangerous experiment," replied Ishmail, shaking his head, "but your fortune is great, *sahib;* the tigers tremble at your presence; we shall try it."

"Not both of us, Ishmail; you can be of no service to me here; I must attempt it alone. But do you go and withdraw the beaters to a safe distance, and tell the gentlemen to be ready to pour in a volley in case he should charge." Ishmail felt much inclined to grumble at this arrangement, which prevented his sharing in the adventure.

But he well knew that Mansfield's orders were not to be disputed, and accordingly withdrew, muttering prayers, and invoking the aid of the Prophet in his behalf.

Mansfield having removed the caps from his rifle, to ascertain that the powder was well up in the tubes, replaced them with fresh ones, so as to prevent the possibility of his weapon missing fire. He then crept quietly along till he was right under the cave, and raising his head, peeped cautiously into the gloomy recess. At first all was impenetrable darkness, but as his eye became gradually accustomed to the subdued light, he perceived two bright green orbs glaring upon him from the inmost recess of the cavern. Now then for a steady hand, thought Mansfield, as he slowly raised himself so as to bring his rifle to bear. A low surly growl announced that the tiger was on the alert, and a certain impatient switching of the tail, which invariably precedes a determined charge, did not escape the practised ear of Mansfield.

Full well he knew there was no time to be lost. Quickly but steadily the heavy rifle was raised to his shoulder, his finger was on the trigger—another instant would have sent a two-ounce ball crashing through the tiger's skull, when a terrific roar burst frsm the cave—a huge mass of yellow fur shot over his head, as if projected from some powerful engine—the rifle exploded in the air, and our hero found himself sprawling on his back in the bottom of the ravine, and, strange to say, unhurt.*

With one bound the tiger gained the top of the opposite bank, and bursting through the tangled brushwood, started across the open ground at racing speed. A shower of balls saluted him as he made his appearanee, but not a single shot took effect.

The only chance now remained with old Lorimer, and every eye was fixed upon him as "*Kill-devil*" was slowly raised, and the sight brought to bear upon the tiger.

"Noo then," exclaimed the Doctor, twisting his features into the most extraordinary contortions, and wriggling about on his perch in a perfect ecstasy of excitement. "Noo then, Maister Lorimer, noo sir, for the love o' goodness haud straight. Od's my life, if you miss him noo, we'll never see mair of him. O! man, take a good vizzy; O! sir—hurra!—he's deed—he's deed," shouted the doctor, almost screaming with delight, as "*Kill-deil*" poured forth his deadly contents, and the wounded tiger, uttering a shrill roar, bounded high into the air. But this triumphant shout was changed to a groan of horror as the enraged brute turned from his course, and dashed with terrific bounds towards the bush on which Lorimer was seated.

Again his rifle was raised with the coolness of despair—again the report was answered by a short angry roar, announcing that the ball had taken effect, but the tiger only dashed forward with increased speed. Nothing now can save him—every rifle has been discharged—three bounds more, and poor old Lorimer is a mangled corse. The tiger has gathered himself together for the last spring—Charles can bear it no longer, but burying his face in his hands groans aloud.—Ha! he's down—it's all over—No!—hark to that shot—'tis Mansfield's rifle—the ragged bullet whistles through the air, and the tiger, rearing up to his full height, falls back gasping in the last agonies.†

A simultaneous shout of triumph burst from the assembled multitude as Mansfield stepped from the ravine, and dropping the butt-end of his rifle to the ground, drew a long breath like one who has just had a heavy load of anxiety removed from his mind.

"My blessing on you, for a trusty companion," murmured he, regarding his favorite weapon with a look of affection, as if it had been a living creature—"You have stood my friend in many a hard pinch, but never before did you put forth your beauties in so good a cause. There was life and death on that shot—I had but one barrel left, and had I failed—it makes me shudder to think what that poor old man would now have been."

The moment it was ascertained that the tiger was fairly unable to rise, the beaters and villagers rushed down in a body to glut their eyes with the dying struggles of their vanquished foe, and many were the curses and maledictions showered upon the expiring tyrant, as he lay, terrible even in death, still glaring fiercely on his tormentors, and making feeble attempts to growl, whilst the frothy blood bubbled in his throat and choked his dying sobs.

"God bless you, my boy," exclaimed old Lorimer, grasping Mansfield's hand in both of his, and squeezing it hard; whilst the tear of gratitude dimmed his eyes. "I have not words to thank you as I could wish, but I feel it—I feel it in the bottom of my heart, and my poor dear motherless child will bless you, and pray for you, whilst she lives, for having saved her old father from a cruel death."

Mansfield blushed like a bashful maiden at hearing the praises which were lavished upon him on all sides, and turned away to hide his confusion, whilst he busied himself, with more than usual care, in reloading his rifle.

"Poo! poo! nonsense," cried he at last, "what a fuss you all make about knocking over a tiger. Why it was not much of a shot, after all, although it happened to be put in a lucky moment; any one of you might have done the same had your rifles been loaded."

"I'm no' just so sure o' that," remarked the Doctor, with a *pawky* leer; "there are some of us no' just that good at the lang ranges, and it was a deevle of a long range. But be the shot good, or be it bad, it saved the life o' the best friend I hae on earth, although he did threaten, no' half an hour ago, to ding me aff the tree like a pyat; and for that same I shall hae a respect for you, and your rifle gun, and your lang ranges, till my deein day—so gie's your hand, my trusty friend, and my blessing go wi' you."

In the meantime Ishmail, who had dispatched the tiger by firing a matchlock into his head, was busily employed, with a lighted match, in singeing off his whiskers.

"How do you like that, you sulky-looking old *bantchoat*," muttered Ishmail, as he squatted in front of the dead tiger, singeing away with great industry.—"You little thought, half an hour ago, that you should have me for a barber; but I've got you by the beard now, and the devil a bristle shall I leave on your ugly snout. No, no, I had trouble enough with you when alive, and have no fancy to be haunted by your ghost now that you are dead."*

Ishmail having finished the singeing operation to his entire satifaction, the dead tiger was placed upon a cart drawn by four bullocks, and driven off towards the cantonment, followed by a crowd of natives, blowing horns, beating drums, and shouting forth the praises of the victor.

Mansfield, Charles, and the Doctor mounted their nags, to proceed on their expedition to the jungle, and Lorimer, with the rest of the party, cantered home to announce their victory.

KOONDAH.

London New Monthly, for June, 1837.

* The natives of India have a superstitious belief that unless the whiskers of a tiger are singed off immediately after he is killed, all those who have been accessary to his death will be haunted by his ghost.

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* This extraordinary escape from a tiger, actually occurred about five years ago at Dharwar, and will, no doubt, be remembered by those who were stationed there at the time.

† This adventure also happened to a particular friend of the writer, exactly as it is related, with this exception, that the tiger after being twice hit in the charge, fell dead from loss of blood when in the act of making his last spring.

INCIDENT OF THE KAFFIR WAR.

[Hintza, the chief of a Kaffir (or Caffre) tribe in the interior of Africa, pretended great friendship for the British Government, while at the same time he was endeavoring to lead an armed force under Col. Smith into an ambuscade. The result is thus described in the last number of the London United Service Journal].

Colonel Smith and Hintza were ascending the hills above the Kei, with a force consisting of two companies of the 72nd Highlanders, three companies of Hottentots, sixty Cape Mounted Rifles, and fifteen of the corps of Guides—about 450 men. Hintza was understood to be the guide of the expedition, which accompanied him at his own request, to enable him to collect the cattle; and on gaining the top of the hill he had a long conversation with the Colonel. He asked Colonel Smith, "Are you going to make war upon my people?" The reply was, "No, Hintza; I shall not molest your people as long as they are peaceable. I am with you to enforce your orders; but you must not attempt to escape—if you do you will be shot." His answer was, that "he had no intention of escaping, as his having left his son in the camp would show." Colonel Smith replied, "Very well—but mind, if you attempt to escape, you will be shot. The cattle of our people being recovered, you are free, be it where it may."

Hintza appeared fully satisfied and happy, and rode at the head of the column all day, the corps of guides near him, as he was specially given over to their charge. On that evening (10th) we halted within six miles of Butterworth, a little before sun-set; and Hintza, seeing two Kaffirs approaching the bivouac, driving some cattle, sent one of his attendants to them, and it was afterwards discovered that one of his horses was missing, nor would he give any satisfactory account when asked the reason; but the real purpose was, to drive in the country the direction he proposed conducting us, and to a particular pass, where he hoped to make his escape.

The next evening (11th) we saw a herd of cattle driven in the direction of the Bashee, but it being dark we could not take any measures to stop them. When we halted Hintza became very communicative, and told us to march when the moon was up, and we should soon have more cattle than we could drive, which were "very fine, but very troublesome." We accordingly resumed our march at twelve o'clock at night on the 11th, and continued *en route* without a halt until eight o'clock next morning (12th,) when we halted to refresh ourselves—every one beginning to feel fatigued—at a small stream called the Guada. Here the country becoming precipitous and intersected with deep ravines, the foot-sore and wearied men were left with the wagon, and at 10 A. M. we continued our march, taking three days' rations, and pursued the track of the cattle towards the mountains contiguous to the course of the Bashee. Shortly after leaving the wagon Hintza asked leave to send on Umtini, his counsellor, under the pretence of taking a message to the Kaffirs who were driving their herds before us, to tell them to stop, and that they would not be hurt, that we only wanted the colonial cattle. Colonel Smith complied; and Umtini departed with one attendant, promising to return before dark. At his departure Hintza was delighted, and a smile of exultation was visible, plainly showing his intentions, if we had not been blind, or rather had not put such implicit confidence in him.

About an hour afterwards we came to a river, the Kebaka, and halted for a few minutes to collect the men and breathe the horses. In our front was a chain of mountains running to the northward, and it was evident that cattle had been lately driven over them. To the left the mountains were void of bush, grassy and steep, and the country around them appeared open. To the right the path led up a very abrupt steep hill, rocky and covered with bush, which extended from the top of the hill to the banks of the river, where it became higher and more dense. On arriving at the foot of this mountain, Colonel Smith asked Hintza which path he should take? The answer he received was "The cattle to the left are lost to you—you must take the path to the right, and you soon will be in possession of more cattle than you can drive." The path was so steep and narrow that every man dismounted, except Colonel Smith, and at the commencement of the ascent not more than two men could ride abreast. Hintza was in the centre, leading his horse, which he had led all the morning; when about half way up the mountain, he suddenly pushed past on horseback with his two attendants to the front; and two officers of the 72nd Highlanders, who observed it, remarked that it was a very favorable place for him to make his escape, and were on the point of stopping him, when they observed some of the Guides in front.

We were now near the summit, where the bush was very thick, and the path so narrow as to admit of only one man at a time, when Hintza watching his opportunity, and seeing that the troops were some yards in the rear—Col. Smith being the only man in front—made a dash and galloped past him, but being stopped by the bush was forced to return into the path, when Colonel Smith calling to him, he stopped, and the corps of Guides coming up, he rode quietly along, a little in front of Colonel Smith. On gaining the summit, the Colonel observed that he had got an open tongue of land descending with a gradual slope to a turn of the river Kebaka, and running nearly parallel with it, until the tongue lost itself in the flat which lay on the banks of the river, about two miles off. The bed of the river was steep and wooded, and many Kaffirs were on the hills around, as also on the opposite side of the river. While looking back at the slow and tedious ascent of the troops, he heard a shout of "Look Colonel!" and turning beheld Hintza galloping in front and many yards ahead. Fortunately Colonel Smith was well mounted; so putting spurs to his horse, he made a violent effort to avertake the chief, which was not an easy task, as Hintza's horse was a very good one and perfectly fresh. Before Colonel Smith's horse was at his speed, Hintza had gained a hunred yards' start, and hearing his pursuer calling to him, kept urging his horse to his speed. Finding that mild measures were useless, and resolved that this treacherous savage should not escape if he could prevent it, Colonel Smith levelled one of his pistols at him—it snapped; the other played its owner the same trick; and thus the Colonel was alone with this athletic savage without any arms, while Hintza was provided with his assagais, seven in number. This race continued for some time, until Colonel Smith finding he was nearing him, lifted his horse in and struck the chief on the head with the butt-end of his pistol; but this only had the effect of making him redouble his efforts to escape, at the same time lunging at the Colonel with his assagai. They continued thus galloping, and Hintza was again ahead, and nearing the river. Colonel Smith had dropped one pistol, and thrown the other at the Chief but without effect, and seeing many Kaffirs running to the river to meet him and aid in his escape, he had recourse to his sole means of assailing him, namely, by riding between him and the river, so that when he turned the two horses should come in contact; by this measure he got up to Hintza, and put his left hand on his bridle; but Hintza stabbing at him with his assagai, he was obliged to desist, and seeing the chief again passing, he caught him by the throat, and twisting his hand in his kaross, dashed the savage to the ground.—Hintza jumped upon his legs, and threw an assagai at Colonel Smith, whose horse, being blown, was unmanageable, and ran away with him into a Kaffir village, where he stopped him by riding him against a hut. In the meantime Hintza, making a turn to his right, ran towards the river, closely pursued by Mr. Southey and others of the Guides. Mr. Southey called on him twice in the Kaffir language to stop, but without effect; he therefore fired, and hit him slightly in the leg: again firing at him he hit him in the back, and Hintza fell headlong: but instantly jumping up, continued his flight over the flat, which he had now gained by his having turned to the right.

Mr. Balfour, of the 72nd Highlanders, Colonel Smith's Aid-de-camp, was enabled to come near him, and pursuing him until his horse was blown, was forced to dismount and continue the pursuit on foot; when within twenty yards of the chief he suddenly lost sight of him, and on coming to the spot he found that Hintza had jumped down a clay bank of above twenty feet descent, and was creeping into the bush which, thick and tangled, lined the river on both sides. Calling to him by name, the chief looked round with a malignant sneer without stopping, and seeing that he was at the edge of the bush, and despairing of being able to secure him singly, there being no one within a hundred yards, Mr. Balfour took aim, but his gun missed fire, and he was thus incapable of preventing his escape. Fortunately, from the bank he had a full view of the river, which at this place was wide, and thus he could detect any movement across from either bank. In a few minutes Mr. Southey joined with some others, amongst whom was the interpreter, who three times called out to Hintza to come out and he would not be hurt. This having no effect, Messrs. Balfour and Southey descended the bank, and crept on their hands and knees, clearing the bush before them with the muzzles of their guns, to the river, and a particular bush to which Mr. Balfour had last traced the chief; they then separated, one going down the river and the other up, in the same manner on their hands and knees, and obliged to be cautious in opening the bushes with their guns before they advanced a step. Mr. Southey had not gained ten yards when he heard a noise close to him as of steel striking a stone, and turning around he beheld through the bush the head of a Kaffir, with his arm upraised and an assagai on the point of being thrown; springing back to get room for his gun, Mr. Southey fired and shot the Kaffir in the head, and on gaining the other side of the bush, he discovered it to be Hintza, who was in a niche of rock in the water, half reclining, half sitting, with the assagai tightly grasped in his right hand.

Thus fell Hintza, chief of the Amahosa Kaffirs—a savage in every sense of the word; abhorred by most of his own tribe, on account of his tyranny, cruelty, and the frequent murders he had committed, and detested by all those who had ever travelled through his land for his extortion and deceit. He deserved his fate for his perfidy, treachery, and want of faith, both as sovereign prince, in not fulfilling the articles of the treaty of peace, and next as a treacherous guide in decoying a handful of men into an ambuscade, where he hoped not only to make his own escape, but to be able effectually to cut off the retreat of those men whose assistance he had requested; and this after having been treated with as much respect as if he had been an officer of rank in the service of a civilized nation—dining every day at Col. Smith's table, loaded with presents, and treated with a kindness which called forth remarks from many officers in the camp, as being conferred on an object totally unworthy of it. The only thing we can say of him is, that "the best act of his life was that of losing it."

ANCIENT.

THE REASON WHY FRANK JOHNSON WENT TO SEA.

"I was born in the parish of St. Pancras, and was never out of the smoke of London until I was eighteen years old. I was 'prenticed to a hairdresser in Gosling street, and if I had continued till this time to curl wigs and cut hair, might have been a man of large property; but somehow, just as I was seventeen years of age, Betty Saunders fell in love with me, and I couldn't do less than fall in love with her in return; but, for all that she told me she loved nobody only me, I had not been away more than six or eight months before she married my rival, a footman, saying, as an excuse, that she thought I should never come back again. When first I saw the dear creature, she opened the door of her master's house to me—I had to go there every morning, which gave me many an opportunity of getting from her a sweet word or a kind look, and she used to smile so good-natured. She was housemaid. One evening I was in the shop, and who should pop in but Betty Saunders. You can't think how my heart did flutter. So she says to me, says she, 'I wants my hair dressed.' 'Certainly, Miss,' said I; 'walk into the back parlor.' So she went in; and when she pulled off her bonnet and cap, her beautiful long hair—it was rather red to be sure—fell so fine over her handsome broad shoulders, that I felt in a minute all of a tremble. So says I, 'Miss, pray how would you like it dressed—in the new French curls or——?' 'In the *newest* fashion, certainly, Sir,' says she. So I began, and trimmed and pomatumed, and made the pinchers hot to curl it; but I could hardly get out a word; at last I managed to say, 'Going to the ball at the Red Lion, I suppose, Miss?' 'No, Sir,' said she; 'indeed I keeps no such low company!' and she gave her head a great toss, which unfortunately brought the hot curling irons close to her beautiful fair forehead. With that she jumped up in a terrible passion, and gave me such a terrible slap on the cheek that it was burning for a week afterwards. I was so sorry to think I had hurt her, that I did not mind the blow; so I begged her pardon on my knees, and she soon forgave me—she was always very forgiving. I finished her hair in such style that when she looked in the glass she quite forgot the burn, and I the box on the ear; and then she wanted to pay me, but I told her I could not think of taking the money, and should be always proud to dress her hair whenever she wanted it done. So she put the money back into her pocket, and gave me instead such a sweet smile.

"After a time we got very thick, and we began to talk of being married as soon as I was out of my time; but there, you see, it was not to be. She invited me one night to a party, which she told me the cook was going to give to her friends, for that her mistress was going to a ball, and her master was away in the country. So about ten o'clock I got leave from my master, as I expected to be out late, and dressing myself in my new bottlegreen long-tailed coat and my best frilled shirt, cut no bad figure. Sure enough there was a capital turn out, and you would have thought, to look at the women, they had been all duchesses. Betty looked so handsome—she was dressed in a beautiful red silk dress that belonged to her mistress, and a pair of white satin shoes. There were about half-a-dozen young men besides me, servants in the neighborhood, and a great many young women, and there was a fiddler, and plenty to eat and drink. So we danced till about twelve o'clock, and I was dancing then with Betty, and was so very happy, when we heard a terrible loud rap at the door. 'Oh dear, there's master at the door!' said Betty—'I know his knock—what *shall* we do?' You never saw such a scampering in all your days. 'Who is to go to the door?' Another knock and a tremendous ring at the bell still remained unanswered, and at last the door was broken open, and down rushed the master with two or three watchmen into the kitchen. Nearly all the livery servants, being better up to such rows, made their escape at the kitchen window, but I and another young chap got caught. I might have got away too, but I could not find it in my heart to leave poor Betty in so much trouble; but by the direction of the gentleman the watchmen took charge of me and the other, and carried us away towards the watch-house. As chance would have it, we had not gone far when a pressgang surrounded us, and the officer said to the watchmen, says he, 'These are the very fellows we have been looking after, and you must let us have them.' The watchmen had been taken by surprise, and as the pressgang seized upon their rattles, they could not make any noise; besides, the officer threatened if they did he would carry them off as well; so I and the other poor fellow were forced along at a very quick pace, and carried on board a tender lying off the Tower. I told the officer I was an apprentice, and he said 'So much the better—you are just the sort of chap we want;' and finding it was no use grumbling I said no more. At last we reached the tender, and they stowed us away down below in such a filthy place, along with all the scrapings of the gaols, and thieves, and vagabonds of all sorts. I thought they would have paid a little more respect to my *bottle-green long-tailed coat.*"

London United Service Journal for May.

AN INCIDENT.

Mr. Mc F——, a young gentleman of our city, and Mr. G——L——, of Cincinnati, had been college acquaintances. They met a short time since at one of our hotels and were equally gratified at the event—old friendship was renewed—ancient frolics descanted upon—and hair breadth escapes from detection by the the lynx eyed professor told over again and enjoyed "as good as new." A trifling circumstance at length occurred which marred their promised tranquillity—angry feelings grew out of it—though, in the sequel, it proved to be a misunderstanding. We are forbid to be more explicit on that point.

An insult was given and a challenge ensued, friends were selected—time and place appointed, and on Wednesday morning last, the parties repaired to the scene of contemplated hostility. While one of the party was "pacing the distance," a large Newfoundland dog bounded into their midst, and leaped upon his master, young McF——, as if conscious of some impending calamity. McF—— attached a handkerchief to the collar of the dog, and giving the other end into the hand of his friend, moved towards his opponent, who had already taken his position, but the dog was not to be restrained. "Nero," said McF—— quietly "lie down in a moment." Nero turned a look upon Mr. L——, and with a low growl refused for the first time in his life to obey. McF—— struck him over the head with the but end of the pistol, and the dog moved closer to his side. Another blow, and another yet more severe, had only the effect to bring the dog to his master's feet, where he gave sufficient tokens of his intentions to the friend of his master, in the event of his attempting to touch the handkerchief again.

"What shall I do," said McF——.

"Take your position," said his friend, "and let the dog stand by you."

This was attempted, but Nero was more restless than ever, jumping about before his master, pawing at his feet and legs, and growling at L——, till McF—— turned sharply round and bid him be still. The dog stood quietly before him—McF—— took steady aim at the noble creature's forehead; his finger was on the trigger, and as he afterwards acknowledged, a tear in his eye: another instant and Nero would have been the first victim.

"Don't kill the dog, *Mac.*" said L—— quietly but quickly. Nero had been the constant companion of the foes in the days of their friendship.

McF—— turned, and L—— was already approaching him.

"Some other time," said L—— turning abruptly under the impression that he had spoken too familiarly, for the dignity of the occasion.

"Why at all," was the christian remark of one of the seconds.

The eyes of the principals met, and the look of each was plainly an echo of the last question.

Another word and an explanation ensued. In five minutes the recent foes were better friends than ever, and Nero made the welkin ring with the boisterous expressions of his joy.

From the Baltimore Transcript, July 1.

"Freddy," cried the Duchess of St. Albans to her brother-in-law, "don't go and throw yourself away upon that Miss Browne; for if you do, mark my words, you'll never have a *brown* from me." Lord Frederick took the hint, and broke the match off.

"You know, my dear," observed Lady Norbury to her lord, "that we should for the sake of our family, make a bit of a noise in the world." "I don't know, my love," rejoined the Earl, "that making a noise will much advance the interests of our family; if that were the case, they would have been advanced years ago, for *silence* is no failing of your's, as all under this roof can testify." The parvenue lady expressed her indignation at the remark made by her "sot," of a lord, as she in her moments of anger is pleased to designate him.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 5, 1837.

TROUT FISHING.

There are few sections of the country where the delightful recreation of Trout fishing may be enjoyed in greater perfection than upon Long Island. The disciples of honest old Izaak Walton are afforded almost every variety of this fascinating sport. The ponds, the creeks, the babbling brooks, and gentle rivulets, absolutely teem with trout, so that a well-filled wicker basket is the sure reward of every true angler, after "a day well spent." In the mountain streams of New England, one frequently takes one hundred and fifty in a day, with a ground bait; but he takes what? Mere troutlings of the size of a man's finger, and the length of Cinderella's fairy slipper. A half pound brook trout Down East is "a pretty considerable" monster, rarely caught—and "a pounder" is a miracle. Occasionally one is taken in a pond, of increased size, but seldom except with a fly thrown by some JACK CRANE from the city, as the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers in those parts, generally know little more of "flies," than that they annoy horses and fresh meat in the dog days. In Sebago Lake, in Maine, and two or three others in New Hampshire, where you troll from a sail boat, as in Lake George, with lines of from one to two hundred feet in length, a trout is occasionally hooked weighing from five to ten pounds. But the sport is tedious and will not compare with Blue, Bass, or Black fishing in Long Island Sound. At Sandwich, Northampton, and a few other towns in Massachusetts, the brook fishing is first rate—for New England—as you may take (wind and weather permitting) fifty trout in a day, perhaps, averaging in weight from one to three quarters of a pound. Still, such brooks are few and far between. After naming one at Northfield, Vt., and another at Stafford Springs, Conn., as Colonel Crockett said, "our pond is run out." The *pond* fishing is another affair, though the trout are generally small and scarce, owing to the number of sun-fish, which destroy their spawn. One of the best trout ponds in New England is at Enfield N. H., where you may also take large pike, or pickerel. It is one of the largest ponds in the State, and only equalled in the size and delicious flavor of its trout by one at Franconia, near the celebrated Notch of the White Hills. There are few artificial ponds in New England, and in those especially which are supplied by streams having their rise in the Geeen Mountains, or the continuous chain extending through Vermont and New Hampshire, you may be assured of enjoying good sport. Indeed, for that matter, one can hardly go amiss in Vermont, or in many sections of Massachusetts. But mind you, reader, after you have seen the best to be had there, we can show you, nearer home, such superior sport, that much as you may be attached to New England Trout fishing, you will agree with us it is "not the thing it is cracked up to be."

To enjoy fly-fishing to your heart's content—fly-fishing that would seduce old Kit North from his "Noctes Ambrosianæ"—that would have made Sir Humphrey Davy leap like a "tickled salmon," and "the Wizard of the North" add another "lay" to that of "the Last Minstrel," you must become a pilgrim to "the Empire State." And to the true, devoted lover of the sport, for its own dear sake, we would say with Fitz James, "come on, come all,"—and whether "with sandal shoon and scallop shell," or "arrayed in sumptuous and fine linen," you shall be alike and cordially welcome.

At Luzerne, 25 miles from Saratoga Springs—near Little Falls—and in the rear of Newburg, we can point out such *streams* in which to throw a fly, as you may never have dreamed of. Striking back from Newburg, the brook fishing is tip top, and grows still better as you near the Pennsylvania line, and strike the head waters of the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and their larger tributaries. The Mohawk at Little Falls, and the Hudson above Saratoga, at its junction with the Sacondaga (the largest stream at its mouth, by the bye,) are unrivalled for the size and number of their trout. They all offer peculiar inducements to fly-fishers, inasmuch as their banks are accessible, and you can throw your fly without being constantly annoyed by over-hanging trees on each side. The Sacondaga and Hudson are filled with large rocks, so that you can step from one to another at will, with little danger of even wetting your feet. The water is deep and runs like a mill race, particularly in the Sacondaga, a turbulent mountain stream, which forces its way into the Hudson through a wild, romantic country, so sterile and yet so healthy, that it is said ten men run away where one dies. You may take here in a day, with a proper fly, as many trout as you can lug; and splendid fellows they are, too, some of them weighing three or four pounds, and mighty apt to play "the Old Gentleman and Thomas Walker" with your snell and rod, besides giving you such an electric shock (if you are a fresh hand) as to make it a matter of considerable uncertainty whether you are standing on your head or heels, but which is decided to your utmost satisfaction, when, upon cool reflection, you find yourself in the river up to your chin, minus *the* trout, your fly, and a yard or two of gut.

The *pond* fishing, so far as trout are concerned, is of no account. Indeed, in a month's delightful sojourn, two years since, in the regions to which we have reference, we hardly saw a fly thrown into a pond, but the brooks running into them were alive with small trout. We mean by "small" trout, that they would not compare with those in the rivers in that section, though superior in size to most brook trout in New England. There are many features in the brook fishing peculiar to both sections. You are obliged to fish with ground bait almost entirely, and to wade, or pick your way along on stones and roots; there is very little undergrowth to disturb your progress, these little noisy streams generally flowing through timber forests, in which, unfortunately, you cannot use a fly. It rarely occurs that you find a brook "plodding its weary way" through a meadow in which you can throw a fly with any success. John Trout is no such "queer fish" as to select "soft places" for you to exercise your skill upon him. No, no. He is "not at home" to the many, and as to "drawing him out," (we don't mean in conversation, but in fact,) it is an out and out no go, with everybody but the patient, skillful, and experienced. He is first to be flattered, then cajoled, and then jilted, after being cautiously approached like a spoiled beauty or heartless coquette. And he will be hooked at length as they are generally, egregiously hoaxed and cruelly deceived. We have enjoyed some sport, and heard of more, but never knew or heard of "*a good hole*" that was to be readily approached. We know of some dozens where we have, ere now, dropped in our fly, and would have walked ten miles to have done so this morning, believing full well that in twenty minutes we could have caught, earned, and got an appetite for, a breakfast, by the same operation, but not above half a dozen of them are to be got at, except by wading, climbing, working or sweating, to say nothing of swearing. Of course we refer to brook fishing. Pond fishing is "a horse of another color," and to the best we ever had, we now beg to introduce the reader.

He must leave town, via the South Ferry, for Brooklyn, where, at 9 o'clock, let him take the rail road car, which will land him at Hicksville, L. I., (37 miles) in about two hours. Here, if he intends spending a week or two in hunting and fishing, he should hire a conveyance at N. & T. T. Jackson's Livery stables, who will accommodate him with a good horse and wagon for from 12 to 16 shillings per diem. Stages leave here for all parts of the Island, but the difficulty of procuring a conveyance for a fishing jaunt, at Islip, Smithtown, or Babylon, (where you will make your head quarters) is such, that you will find it more pleasant and about as cheap, to hire a good horse and carriage at Hicksville, for the period of your stay, as then you may always have one at command. City whips, who drive their own cattle, had better leave them at home, as knocking a horse about fishing, in all weathers, over rough roads, is hardly the thing to get or keep him in condition; and, by the bye, you must look out in any event to see that your horse is grained and groomed, or he will see neither oats nor curry-comb. If you can spend but three or four days on the Island, take an Eastern steamboat in town, that lands passengers nearest Smithtown. An hour's ride from the dock will take you to that beautiful village, where you may drop your fly into Stump Pond, and enjoy such trout fishing as has seldom fallen to the lot of mortal man.

If you purpose making an excursion of two or three weeks, we would recommend you to put out at once from Hicksville for Babylon, about 17 miles, and remain there a few days. There are two hotels there, one kept by Dodd & Co. and the other by Conklin, at either of which you will receive every attention. Attached to each hotel is a pond, which is leased by the proprietors at considerable expense, and in which they keep boats, which are loaned to their boarders only. Conklin's is within twenty rods of his house, and is justly considered one of the best on Long Island, while he is one of the cleverest fellows. He gave us an invitation (and we were not boarding with him) with two friends, to fish in his pond whenever we pleased, while we remained on the Island, an act of genuine courtesy that can only be appreciated by an ardent lover of the sport. We twice availed ourselves of his invitation, and having a favorable wind one morning, in about half an hour our party of three took forty odd trout, gently throwing overboard those which were uninjured, weighing less than half a pound. We might have taken as many more in another half hour, but "enough is as good as a feast," and besides, Mr. Conklin has considerately requested his friends to take no more than a dozen each. Of course by throwing over the undersized, one may fish until he has taken his dozen of trout, weighing over a pound, and if there is a smart southerly breeze, and he is well versed in the mysteries of fly-fishing, he can land that number in two hours.

Dodd's Pond is about a mile and a half from his house; it is an artificial one and very shallow. There is no great difficulty, however, in pushing along your boat through the stumps and weeds, so as to throw your fly into the channel. At early dawn or dewy eve, just after sunset, you will see the trout breaking round you in all directions. There is little trouble in finding the channel, it being a white gravelly bottom, divested of grass. In the outlet to this pond you may have capital sport, if you don't mind wild rose bushes and thorns, for the brook runs through a jungle as impenetrable as those of the Ganges. You must wade, of course, and the vines and branches form a complete bower over your head. Having once fished the stream, you will comprehend to a fraction the difference between a natural and an artificial bower. We tried it half a day, and got out with our boots, stock, shirt, and suspenders, and twenty-one splendid trout, but with "a cocked-up hat," an apology for a pair of pantaloons, a coat in ribbons, and a vest "no where." There is now and then a musquitoe of the size of a Connecticut grasshopper, and "they *do* say," any quantity of snakes, but they are nothing when you get used to 'em.

About two miles from the village of Babylon is "Muncy's Pond," (if we rightly remember the name), that has some reputation among the old hands. It is larger than either Dodd's or Conklin's, and the streams running into, and out of it, were represented to us to be first-rate. We intend trying them one of these days. Of the brooks flowing into the other two ponds we can speak from experience, and here let us advise you not to be humbugged into the belief that you can fish any of them for any considerable distance from a boat. The best fishing at this season, is to be found in the channel, *at the head* of the ponds. In March and April you fish in the deepest water, above the dam, but as the warm weather sets in, the trout lie at the cool springs near the head of the ponds. In rowing from one extremity of the pond to the other, you may remark a sensible difference in the temperature of the water, by merely thrusting in your hand. In July and August you can hardly go amiss upon any pond, if you will at once row to the mouth of the brook emptying into it. Ordinarily you can get up some twenty rods with your boat, at the same time keeping out of the channel. As trout lie with their heads up stream, the advantage of fishing down must be manifest. You will be governed in your choice of location by the springs. As the brooks are generally clear of bushes, close to the pond, you can use a fly, but it is well to be provided with two rods, so that you can fish with a ground bait, if requisite.

Having spent three or four days at Babylon, you may as well keep down the south side of the Island to Islip, ten miles farther on, where H. M. JACKSON, at the Islip House, will make you perfectly at home. You may jump from the asparagus bed in his garden into a fine boat, and if you can prevail upon BUNCE, the miller, to row you out and show you the bearings of the channel and the favorite holes, you may rely on having fun. Bunce is a good soul, and you had better cultivate his acquaintance forthwith, as he is up to every "artful dodge" in the way of trout fishing, and is familiarly acquainted with every pond, brook, and good hole within ten miles. You will find it capital fishing in the outlet to Jackson's pond, and the brook is readily forded *now*, by a shortish chap, inasmuch as *we* fished it three times down to its mouth, and thereby removed as many obstructions as Uncle Sam's steam "tooth puller" has in the Mississippi. We got well paid for our pains, however, having had excellent sport each time.

As *brook* fishing all over the Island is very much the same, we may as well here give our piscatory friends a few suggestions. If you are fond of fishing with a reel, take with you the lower joint only of your rod. The vines and bushes unite over your head, and pretty near the water at that, so that a rod over six feet in length will give you endless trouble. After giving both a fair trial, we are decidedly in favor of using merely the upper joint, and the whalebone or rattan point. Wind one end of the line around your hand, (running it through the wire loop-holes of the rod,) and as you fish with a float and ground bait, you can well dispense with a reel, as in this way you can sooner draw in or let out your line. You require little or no sinker, and as the channel of the brook is generally grown over with grass, you must run your line through a No. 2 float, leaving merely your 12 inch snell under water. The float and current will carry your hook in safety over the grass, and you must let out line enough to allow your bait to float before you into the deep holes, under roots and rocks, where you may be sure of a trout, if you do not approach near enough yourself to frighten him. If he is a good one, he will show you fun; to take a two pound brook trout is no boy's play, and "situated as you are," the less you attempt to play him the better. In a meadow brook, divested of alders, you may kill your fish as scientifically as you please, but when you are standing half way up to your waist in a swift stream, with the bushes and vines so entangled over your head that you can scarcely see your float ten feet off, it is another guess sort o' thing. When you have hooked him, the best way is (you cannot raise your rod three feet above the water), first to draw in your line until the float reaches the loop at the tip of your rod—then pass your rod behind you, hand over hand, keeping its point under water, until you can clasp Johnny Trout in a hearty embrace, by extending him your hand under water, instead of bringing him up to your hand. If you do not show him this little civility, the chances are, that the instant you raise his head above water, he makes a flip-flap or a sudden plunge, breaks your snell, and with unspeakable indignation bids you good morning. All this might be remedied by a landing net, but with your rod in one hand, you have quite enough to do with the other in forcing your way through the low bushes. Be patient, quiet, and cool, and you will require no net. The Long Island brooks are not generally deep in any part, and you will seldom find a hole more than four or five feet deep. The country is so level, and the tide sets up so far, that the current is slow compared with mountainous streams. N. B. If you wear a linen glove on your left hand, when you grasp a trout he cannot slip through your fingers.

After spending a few days very pleasantly at Jackson's, as you certainly may, have your carriage brought to the door, and drive down about three miles and a half, to the never-to-be-sufficiently-praised "Connequt Hotel," opposite Fire Island, of LIFF SNEDEKER's—an out and outer at a mint julep, a deer hunt, or a good story. You can almost throw a fly from his door into his pond, and a famous one it is. Last season, as nearly as he could ascertain by a careful record, *thirty-three hundred trout* were taken from it by his boarders and friends. When we saw him, early in July last, above two thousand had been taken this year, and the fishing was still excellent. The stream running from it is a large one, and you fish from a boat—if you hit upon a fine day, you may half fill it with trout. With a single exception, this is the only brook on the Island in which you *can* fish from a boat. Deer hunting is Snediker's passion, and no one on the Island has better "appliances and means" for that enlivening sport. He has four couples of the largest thorough-bred deer hounds, and a pack of harriers; the latter of uncommon size and promise. Deer are plenty in his neighborhood, and will have to "stand their hands" the latter part of this month.

Having enjoyed capital sport thus far during the ten days you have passed at Babylon and Islip, we must show you a little novelty. All this while we have never said a word about *Shooting*, or *Bay Fishing*, which may be had in every variety. The woodcock shooting about Jackson's, at Islip, is first rate, and quail will be more numerous than ever this fall. The wild fowl shooting, too, here is bang up. Plover, snipe, rail, yellow legs, and beach birds are in greater abundance than usual. Indeed, we cannot name any section of country affording the sportsman such various sources of enjoyment. From Babylon or Islip you may any day take a sail boat that will carry you out to the fishing grounds in an hour, where you take blue, black, and weak fish, bass, poggies, sheepshead, etc. etc. You troll for most of these with a line one hundred and fifty, or two hundred feet in length. Instead of Byron's "writhing worm," your bait consists (for blue fish) of the white horn handle of a tooth-brush, your line being attached to one end, and a huge hook to the other. A fanciful bait, is it not? A blue fish weighing from five to ten pounds, or a large bass, affords as much sport as a trout, which they nearly resemble in outline. A ten pounder at the end of a line 150 feet long, is more than a match for most men. You fish for them under easy sail, and when two or three of the party have a fish hold it is rare fun. We had no great luck the first day we were out, but half a dozen friends a few days afterwards caught over three hundred—more than a cart load. The season is late for blue fishing, but for many other varieties of salt water fish, peculiar to the shores of Long Island, the present month is not inauspicious.

How do you like *Perch* fishing? If well, we can show you the best we ever had, after some considerable experience. We will suppose you have been residing with Jackson, Liff Snediker, Capt. Dodd, or Conklin. About ten miles from the hotel of either of these "good men and true" you will find Onkonkony (or Rockonkony) Pond, the only natural one, to our knowledge, on the Island. You will find it too troublesome to bait with worms, inasmuch as you will probably put on two or three hooks. Instead of the ordinary angle worm, when you have caught a perch, cut him across in pieces, half an inch wide, or if you would be more particular, cut off his fins for bait; his red glowing gills, too, are fine. For large perch, fish in deep water, twenty rods from shore; the water is so clear that you may see the gravel bottom all over the pond. After pulling up two at a time for half an hour as fast as you can bait and throw in, you will probably begin to grumble that fish weighing from a quarter to half a pound bite so voraciously, as to prevent your getting your bait among the "pot wallopers" you see sailing about six feet lower down. Such perch, we will venture to say, you never saw before, nor such myriads of them as there are here. Just a month ago this day we caught, with two friends, three hundred and odd—some of them perfect beauties, weighing nearly two pounds each. They may beat this in the West, but there is nothing like it north or east of the Potomac.

Perch fishing is very pleasant occasionally, by way of variety, but compared with trouting it is mere child's play, and not to be named the same week. But we have yet to introduce you to one of the pleasantest acquaintances we made while on the Island, in the person of one of the best fly-fishers we ever met; and not to keep you in suspense, allow us, Mr. Reader, to present to you our friend RICHARD BLYDENBURGH, Esq., of Smithtown. Mr. Blydenburgh, like his father, the venerable Maj. Blydenburgh, is an ardent disciple of old Izaak, and throws a fly with as much grace and precision as Mr. WEBSTER, or "the Senator from Missouri." The Messrs. B. are the proprietors of Stump Pond, one of the largest on the Island, and quite the best for trout fishing probably in the Union. The trout are not so finely flavored as most brook trout, owing to the decomposition of vegetable matter in the pond, which is filled with huge stumps and roots. However, they are annually becoming more and more palatable, and at this time very few individuals would remark their possessing any peculiar flavor,—much less an unpleasant one.

There is no public house within two miles of Stump Pond, but Maj. Blydenburgh and his son, with all the genuine hospitality and kindness of country gentlemen "of the olden time," extend to strangers a courteous welcome. They keep three boats in their pond, [they have factories, mills, a store, and indeed, quite a village of their own at the landing,] and *a gentleman* may rely upon receiving every attention at their hands. The number of distinguished visiters to Stump Pond in the course of the season is very large. Mr. Webster, one of the best fly-fishers in the country, boasts of having caught his largest trout there, weighing nearly four pounds. A distinguished broker in Wall-street, a native of Kentucky, took here two years since the largest trout ever landed with a fly on the Island; it weighed four pounds and a half. One of the most eminent members of the New York bar, about three weeks since, took a trout with a fly of over three pounds weight, not ten rods from us; two pounders are almost daily taken. To preserve them, Mr. B. strictly enforces a rule, that no individual shall take over ten trout, or one weighing less than half a pound. At the conclusion of our sport one day, lately, and just as we were getting into a wagon to drive to our lodgings, a stage drove up to Mr. B.'s door, in which was a piscatory friend from town, travelling on business. He discovered us.—"What, *you* here! What luck?" We produced a basket, containing our compliment of ten. The man stared with astonishment, and the result was, that when we visited the pond about a week afterwards, we found that our friend had been to town, returned with his tackle, and gone home again, after a day's fishing, in which he took *nine*, averaging a pound and a half each! We since have met him, and he informed us that seeing our luck, he could not withstand the temptation to beat us—if he could—so having returned to town and arranged his business, he stole away with his rod and flies, was fortunate in his selection of a day, and went to work before sun-rise. He threw back into the water those weighing less than a pound, and caught *nine* that came up to the standard before 10 o'clock. He says the wind then died away, and he could not catch the *tenth*, though he brought in and threw overboard at least forty. He fished all day for *the tenth*, but never caught him, and actually returned to town with *nine*, having determined he would bring away none that did not make a pound weight kick the beam!

Mr. Blydenburgh has expressed an intention of prohibiting fishing in his pond except with a fly, and we hope he will enforce this salutary rule forthwith. No one that ever has thrown a fly will fish with ground bait if he can help it. Mr. B. fishes with two—one at the extremity of the line, and the other about two feet from it, so that in playing his flies, the upper one lightly dances upon the surface of the water, while the other is an inch beneath. The most killing fly we used was a large red hackle, which we placed at the extremity of a beautiful line, composed of a single thread of "Scotch Barbers' Twist." For the upper one we selected a grey midge. Notwithstanding the delicate texture of our line, we succeeded once in getting two trout into the boat with it without a landing net, and they were "no chickens;" but the operation frayed our snells so that we were obliged to discard them, and bend new tackle. Trout will rise to the ordinary brown or red hackle all over the Island, and we have seldom made a cast in a pond, or thrashed a brook, with a fly so generally successful. By the bye, we advise our brother anglers to give an attentive perusal to an article on "*Fly Fishing*" in this paper of June 24th, from the London (New) Sporting Magazine of May last. It contains much information, and many suggestions both useful and interesting, and a gallant officer of our Army added a corollary not less so, in a communication published in our columns on the following 8th July.

The depth of water in Stump Pond averages about twelve feet. It has three branches so situated, that if there is a breath of wind stirring, you will be sure to find a ripple on one of them. From the dam to the extremity of either of the three, it is about a mile and a quarter, and a little the worst rowing to get there you ever *did* see. It would be advisable for those intending to fish in this pond to give Mr. Blydenburgh a day's notice, as the boats are almost constantly engaged, and if you can induce him to accompany you, there can be no doubt of your returning with a well filled creel. His superior, as a practical, scientific fly-fisher we never saw, and we here take pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to him, not more on account of his politeness and hospitality to a stranger, than for several useful suggestions relative to the delightful art of which he is an accomplished master.

One word more and we have done. Having caught your trout, the next thing is to preserve them sweet. *Keep them dry*, and when you reach home, have them drawn at once, wiped dry, and spread upon a board, which lay in a cool place, and they will keep two or three days. If once laid upon ice, they must not be removed until wanted for the table, else in two hours they will be tainted. If you desire to send your friends in town an acceptable token of your remembrance and success, despatch a box of trout packed after this wise:—Put a lump of charcoal in the mouth of each, and then envelope him in a sheet of paper. Place them afterwards in a box in layers, with small pieces of charcoal between each—nail your box—direct it legibly—give the stage driver half a dollar, and if you are a hundred miles from town, your friends will for once swear you are the best fellow in the world. Trout packed in this way may be kept perfectly fresh and sweet for a week; at least so we have always found it on trial, while many of our friends who have packed them in ice, salt-hay, etc., have not unfrequently been cruelly disappointed by finding their trout spoiled in a single day.

We have had no leisure to revise a line of this interminable article, which is written more to inform our piscatory friends *where they may find sport* than from any other motive. Crude and "scarce half made up" as it is, the printer's devil has clutched and carried it off page by page. If it affords "any dear friend of Cæsar's" a good day's sport, or prompts an abler pen to discourse in more eloquent and glowing terms upon the delights of Trout Fishing, our object will be attained.

ANTICIPATED SPORT IN KENTUCKY.

LEXINGTON, July 24, 1837.

DEAR P.—It may not be uninteresting to yourself and readers to hear the prospect we have before us of the Fall campaign in Kentucky. We have now in the State some 15 or 18 stables at work, including not a few troublesome customers if brought to the post right. However feeble my efforts may be, I have a willing mind at all times to lend a hand to the Spirit of the Times, which I conceive to be decidedly * * * [Oh don't;—remember our modesty!!] * * * paper in the Union to Turfmen and Stock Raisers.

I tell you what, friend P., we shall have some smashing work here this Fall by the following trainers and stables:—SIDNEY BURBRIDGE, and his invincible *Big John*, with Caroline Scott, Tarleton, Jim Allen, Chilton, and a host of young ones at his back, are, I take it, a mighty hard string to beat—it would take Long Island to cope with them, in my opinion. Then there is ROBERT BURBRIDGE, with *Sarah Miller*, and several others—Capt. BURBRIDGE, with William Henry Harrison, and others—Mr. JAMES DUNN, with Houston, Percussion, and six or seven others—Messrs. DAVENPORT & FARRIS, with *Grayfoot*, and a number of others—Mr. HUFFMAN, with *Jasper*, and others—Mr. T. SCRUGGS, of Louisville, Mr. SANDERS, of the Forks of Elkhorn, Messrs. W. VILEY & WARD, with *Dick Johnson*, and others—Messrs. BUFORD & DUKE, with *Keph*, &c.—Col. BUFORD, with *Styles*, &c.—Dr. WARFIELD, Mr. SHY, Mr. DURHAM, Mr. JOURDAN, Mr. BRADLY, Mr. KENIDAY, and last, though not least, FITCH & PALMER, with Maria Louisa, Eliza Bailey, Mary McFarland, Senator, Sir Ariss, Margaret, &c., numbering, perhaps, from 120 to 130 in all. JAMES W. PALMER is wide awake, and *Mary McFarland* is full 16 hands high, strong as an elephant, with the action of an antelope. Look out, boys, lest you set down your foot on the big snake. If *Rodolph* was here this Fall, the way we would show him sights with some of our cracks would be a caution to him in all future time. If you come to Lexington, be sure to give us a call. We have fine ice water and some excellent baldface; it is not quite as good as Sandy Welch's, but very fashionable in the far West.

One word more, Mr. Editor, and I have done. If you see anything of "Kale Weeks," (Mr. Caleb Weeks,) please tell him that we have a big flat-footed negro here that we should like to match against anything living to *Jump Jim Crow*, for a wager of any amount in rough whiskey, to be drank out of wooden noggins, *without any jalop in it*. I say "done," too, to the bottle of whiskey or champaigne—you know. Very respectfully yours, ZOLOE.

We had the honor of paying our respects to three beauties a few days since, at Mr. WALTER LIVINGSTON'S seat, on Staten Island. We have reference to *Alice Grey*, *Goliah's dam*, and *Jemima*, each with a foal by her side. All three were in fine health and spirits. The charming Alice has grown a large roomy mare of twice the size she was when she was wont to cut off her four miles in 7:49. Goliah's dam has as beautiful a head and neck as we ever saw, and these features she has imparted to Goliah, Dosoris, and others of her produce. She brings a clipper every year. The foal by her side is already sold for $1500.—Jemima is a fine blood like mare, and has a Mons. Tonson colt by her side, closely resembling its sire in many respects. All three mares were stinted to *Trustee* this season; his colts by the bye, are so uncommonly promising, that Mr. Livingston has been urged to retain him here another year.

Among the passengers in the London packet of the 1st, the *Ontario*, was Gen. EMORY, of Maryland. The evening before he sailed Gen. E. addressed a communication to us relative to *Lady Cliffden's* pedigree, which will be found in another column. Gen. E. will probably return in Nov., and if his official duties allow, will in the meantime acquaint himself with many of the details of English breeding and racing, that will enable him to solve several interesting mooted points on his return. Few American breeders of more character and practical knowledge have gone abroad, and we anticipate much gratification when he shall communicate the result of his observations.

☞ Several important amendments have been made this week in the advertisement of the Sweepstakes to come off over the Lafayette Course, Augusta, Ga. Run your eye over it.

The *Minerva*, the winning boat at the late Regatta at Augusta, Ga., was purchased recently of the Minerva Boat Club of this city. She is a clipper.

The New York Boat Club Association cannot accept an invitation to participate in the forthcoming Regatta at Po'keepsie, inasmuch as an article in its Constitution expressly forbids any Club to row for money, or take part in a Regatta or Race with any Club or Clubs independent of those belonging to the Association, which, by the bye, is now composed of thirteen.

The four brothers ROBERTS, of Whitehall, three of whom won the recent match with sculls, challenge any four brothers in the world to row around Bedlow's Island from Castle Garden, (about five miles) for $1000. The Messrs. Roberts have selected the Club boat *Brooklyn* for the match, should their banter be accepted.

The *Ariel* Boat Club of this city, rowing six oars, left town at 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning *for Albany!*—a smart half day's work for a crack steamer. They left old Gotham sixty odd miles behind them the first day, we hear.

LADY CLIFFDEN'S PEDIGREE.

NEW-YORK, July 29, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR—I have observed that an error has been running the rounds of the newspapers, which has found its way into the "Spirit of the Times," that *Betsey Wilson*, the dam of *Lady Cliffden*, was by *Ratler*. To any one who is familiar with the Turf Register, or who would take the trouble to examine the recorded pedigrees in that work, a correction in this formal way might be a work of supererogation; but for others this correction may not be amiss. Betsey Wilson was by *Ratray*, a horse long distinguished on the turf as a successful racer at all distances, and who, from his unfortunate locality, after his racing career was terminated, at the advanced age of 16 or 18 years, had only the opportunity of going to some *two or three good mares* before he died. From these few mares, when racing had nearly become extinct, and when race horses were entirely out of fashion, he produced the dams of *Lady Cliffden*, and *Volcano*, who was out of a very small, but exceedingly fleet mare, called "*Forest Maid*, or "*Maid of the Forest*," I do not recollect which, who was carried from our State to Tennessee by Maj. ROBINSON, and there beat, I believe, every thing under light weights she came in contact with; she was too small to carry her weights up. The mare was not the descendant of Maid of the Oaks, as has erroneously been stated, nor in anywise related to her. The credit therefore is the greater to Ratray.

Ratray was by the imported horse *Cliffden*, and hence the name of Lady Cliffden in honor of her ancestry in this line; and besides having won so many races as he did, and continuing on the turf so long, he was the most perfectly formed horse, and had more strength and power within the same outline than any horse I have ever seen before or since, not even excepting the phenomenon *Trifle*.

Lady Cliffden and *Mingo* will have another trial for supremacy this Fall—each has won a race of the other, and no man in his senses would undertake to predict the result with any degree of certainty. Whichever nag is the least out of order, the other being right, will be beaten. They have both been proved first rate nags, and *time* will disclose nothing to the contrary.

Yours, respectfully, THOS. EMORY.

Mr. HOMER, of the Boston Daily Centinel, gives the following account of a recent day's fishing:—

It has been several times remarked that fish were more plenty in Boston Bay the present season, than they have been at any former period. We think the remark is true. We were one of a party of twenty-two gentlemen who went on a fishing excursion on Friday last, and who caught in about three hours, five hundred Cod and Haddock, besides a large quantity of other kind of fish. The sport was fine beyond any thing of the kind that we remember to have seen. One of the cod-fish was a "monster," he weighed over fifty pounds, and took three men to secure him, after he had been pulled to the surface of the water. It would have been an easy matter to increase the number of fish to a thousand, had the bait held out. On arriving at Central wharf, early in the evening, messengers were sent into Broad-street to inform the residents there that they could have as many fish as they wanted, gratis, if they would take the trouble to go on board the packet and ask for them. Such a fishing frolic as this is worth record. It ought to last a reasonable man ten years.

The Astor House.—The Commercial states that an important change has been made in the administration of this empire, kingdom, or republic—whichever it may be. The supreme ruler, the senior Mr. Boyden, has resigned his sceptre into the hands of three successors, who may be considered as representing the three consuls of the French republic, at the close of the revolution. These three are Mr. Frederick Boyden, already known as the heir apparent, or crown prince, Capt. Robert B. Coleman, formerly of the steamboat President, and Mr. Charles B. Stetson, for several years manager of the Tremont House, Boston. We could enlarge upon the aptitude of all these gentlemen for the work they have undertaken, but there is no need. Is not Stetson famous and of excellent report? If there be any who know him not, let them consult the Boston papers. Is Coleman a stranger in the land? Not so, indeed, for his name is indissolubly connected with the fine old boat, wherein so many thousand passengers have tasted of pure enjoyment under his benignant rule. And for the third of the three consuls, is not his name Boyden, and has he not been brought up to the government of hostleries, under the wise lessons and example of his renowned sire? Verily there is no need of words, for what saith the proverb? "It is a waste of shrubbery to hang out a bush where good wine is sold."

Mr. EDWARD TROYE, the Animal painter, will confer a favor upon several friends and patrons, by informing us where their letters will reach him. So soon as he has completed his portraits of the cracks of Kentucky, several gentlemen here would be glad to employ his talents.

PLEASANT ARRANGEMENTS.

We quote from the Express of Thursday, the following agreeable propositions of a gentleman of Raymond, Miss., to another of Vicksburgh, relative to a duel they were to fight near the latter city.

Article 1st. The parties shall meet opposite Vicksburgh, in the State of Louisiana, on Thursday, the 29th instant, precisely at four o'clock, P. M. Agreed to.

2nd. The weapons to be used by each shall be one Bowie knife, weighing one pound two and a half ounces, and measuring sixteen inches and a half in length, including the handle, and one inch three-eights in breadth. Agreed to.

3rd. Each knife shall be sharp on one side, and on the back shall be sharp only one inch at the point. Agreed to.

4th. Each party shall stand at the distance of eight feet from each other, until the word is given. Agreed to.

5th. The second of each party shall throw up, with a silver dollar on the ground, for the word, and the two best out of the three, shall win the word. Agreed to.

6th. After the word is given, either party may take what advantage he can with his knife, but on throwing his knife at the other, shall be shot down by the second of his opponent. Agreed to.

7th. Each party shall be stripped entirely naked, except one pair of linen pantaloons, one pair of socks, and boots or pumps as the party please. Acceded to, notwithstanding an unnecessary exposure of person is required.

8th. The wrist of the left arm of each party shall be tied tight to his left thigh, and a strong cord shall be fastened around his left arm at the elbow, and thence around his body. Positively rejected, as gentlemen in honourable conflicts were never known to be bound with cords—they are only the badges of slaves and criminals, whether it be the left or the right arm bound—you could as honourably require both as one.

9th. After the word is given, each party shall be allowed to advance or retreat, as he pleases, over the space of twenty acres of ground, until death ensues to one of the parties. Agreed to—the parties to be placed in the centre of the space.

10th. The word shall be given by the winner of the same in the following manner, viz: "Gentlemen are you ready!" Each party shall then answer, "I am!" The second giving the word shall then distinctly command *strike*. Agreed to.

10. If either party shall cut the cord which binds the elbow or wrist of his opponent, he shall be debarred from striking another blow, until the said cord or cords shall be again securely tied, and the opponent so having the cords of his elbow or wrist cut, shall not strike again until the same be tied. Answered by the reply to Article 8th.

12. If either party shall violate these rules, upon being notified by the second of either party, he may be liable to be shot down instantly. As established usage points out the duty of both parties, therefore, notification is considered unnecessary.

As the challenged party insisted upon the ropes and cords, and the other positively refused such felon attributes, the fight did not "come off," and the challenger published his story with his comments in a handbill.

English Sporting Intelligence.

Touchstone, the winner of the cup at Ascot, appears to have *touched* the pockets of the knowing ones. Gully lost 12,000*l.* upon the race, and Crockford nearly as much. On the two worthies being overheard at Tattersall's by Lord George Bentinck, condoling with each other on the *taste* his lordship had afforded them of his *leg*-like qualifications, he observed, "Never mind, gentlemen; there is, you know, many a slip between the *cup* and the lip."

London Satirist.

Sir James Boswell is about to decline racing in the West country, and intends in future to patronise it in the North; his horses will consequently be trained by Mr. Dawson, of Gallane, near Haddington, father of the Messrs. Dawsons, of Middleham. Mr. Fobbatt, Sir James's late trainer, we understand, is about to commence as a public trainer on Delamere Forest, where he has so successfully trained General Chasse and others.

The race for the Ascot Cup was attended with a withdrawal that we do not hesitate to designate a disgraceful one. We have frequently observed that this system is rapidly undermining all confidence in racing. Certain favorites are forced into importance on fictitious grounds, whilst the horses that have the running in them are kept out of sight; and when named, are at such frightful odds, that the uninitiated take no note of them, and follow the stock quotations in making their books. When the day comes, the horses that can make the matter dangerous to that which *the party* wish to win, are drawn, and the outsider, against whom it was 30 to 1 a fortnight before, canters in easily. The Derby was a beautiful exposition of the system.

A good deal of betting occurred respecting Hornsea and Touchstone (p. p.), and on Thursday morning it was evident that something remained to be done, for every one asked, "Will they both start?" Why did that doubt arise, but from remembrance of former doings. Ridsdale, the trainer of Hornsea, had his horse ready, and never in better order, and until the last moment did not know but that running was meant; however, Lord Chesterfield came from the stand, "leaving it to Lord George to scratch his (Lord C.'s) horse," and Hornsea was scratched accordingly. Now the fact is, that Hornsea was the horse most likely to render the result questionable. Slane, Royal George, and Alumnus had a capital opportunity of driving Touchstone before them, and very well they did it. At the Betting Stand, Col. Peel's horse gave up the struggle; Royal George lay six lengths at least behind Slane, and Alumnus put Royalty in no danger by his contiguity.

London Sunday Times.

The following springers, &c., the property of Lord Surrey, were sold at Tattersall's on Monday:—Trudge and Bonny, 30 gs.; Pan and Daisy, 20; Tramp and Rose, 28; Jerry and Bustle, 20; Brush and Bounce, 19; Dash and Fan, 18; Squib and Ruby, 18; Bob and Bess, 18; Quail, 17; Trash and Peggy, 16; Jock, 16; Diver, 15; Sandy and Blossom, 10; and Bonny, got by Diver, 3½ gs.

THE ASCOT GOLD CUP, VALUE 300 GS.—Won by Touchstone for the Marquis of Westminster, on Thursday, June 8th, 1837. In pursuance of our promise last week, we this day present to our readers an accurate sketch of the Ascot Gold Cup, drawn by Mr. Herring from the original. It is from a design of Count D'Orsay, and consists of two centaurs, back to back, supporting a "tasse," or shallow bowl, of an oval shape, with scalloped edges, richly engraved with a scroll border. The figures of the centaurs are beautifully modelled, and the tasse is supported by three of their hands over their heads, while one rests his other hand on the hind quarters of his companion. The human portion of the figures is exquisitely and naturally portrayed, one being distinguished by the skin of a lion, and the other by a loose drapery flowing over the shoulder: the whole standing on a marble base. The model was executed in clay by Mr. Cotterell, and the plate manufactured by Messrs. Garrard with admirable taste. We have seldom seen a prize more chaste or appropriate. It is now in the possession of the Marquis of Westminster.

Bell's Life, June 18.

SPLENDID RACING PRIZE FOR GOODWOOD.—Messrs. Storr and Mortimer have a prize in hand for the Goodwood Meeting, of a value unprecedented in the annals of racing, and which, we believe, is to be the gift of Lord George Bentinck. It is in the form of a shield, of great size, on which will be represented the battle of Waterloo, at the last grand charge; and we are informed that it promises to be the most accurate representation that has yet been produced, either on canvass or in any other way, as the arrangements have been made from directions taken from the principals engaged in the contending armies, even to the minutest details; so that of this prize it may be truly said, that for its intrinsic worth (which will not be less than 1000 gs.) the interest of the subject represented, and the perfection of the execution which is promised by its being in the hands of such artists, it will be the most splendid ever contended for on the Turf. We think we may confidently promise that our account of the ensuing Goodwood Races will be accompanied by a spirited engraved sketch of this magnificent work.

On Sunday Mr. Powlett's filly (winner of the Oaks) reached the Turf Tavern, Doncaster, and on Monday morning resumed her route northward.

MR. SAMUEL CHIFNEY'S BANKRUPTCY.—A question of some importance to trainers was decided by a jury in the Court of Review, Westminster Session House, on Thursday. About the 6th of April a fiat of bankruptcy was taken out against Mr. Samuel Chifney, the celebrated trainer and jockey at Newmarket. Several of the creditors immediately petitioned against it, alleging in their petitions that he was no trader, and that he neither bought nor sold for profit, that he was merely a trainer for such gentlemen as employed him, and that, not being in any legal sense a dealer for the means of his support, the bankruptcy could not be sustained. To these petitions several affidavits had been put in in reply; but the Court, considering them to be unsatisfactory, directed that evidence should be adduced before a jury of the facts stated in the bankrupt's answer. The issue then to be tried was this:—First, was the bankrupt a livery stable-keeper, as he alleged himself to be; and secondly, was he a general dealer in hay and corn.—Several witnesses were called, who deposed to Chifney's having occasionally sold hay and corn to Mr. Theobald, to the Duke of Cleaveland, Sir Mark Wood, Mr. Thornhill, to his brother William Chitney, and other persons. The bankrupt himself was also called and examined by Mr. Petersdorff.—He had been a livery stable-keeper for upwards of thirty years; he took in to livery at Newmarket the horses of respectable persons, and did not limit the number to racers, as he had carriage-horses, brood-mares, hunters, &c. He bought and sold hay and corn to several persons, but he kept no accounts, and never had any books, as he was no scholar. His wife occasionally made memorandums of what was bought or sold upon a loose sheet of paper, but not thinking they would be necessary after the accounts were settled, they were destroyed. For the last four or five years he had been trainer to the Duke of Cleaveland, but all his life before that he was a livery stable-keeper. He was cross-examined at considerable length by Mr. Humfrey. He persisted that he had been a livery stable-keeper, and had bought and sold hay and corn as a part of his means of gaining a livelihood; he could not, however, tell the quantity of either which he had sold in any given year, and he had neither books, receipts, nor documents of any sort to prove who dealt with him, or with whom he dealt himself. He supposed that he was to pay Mr. Dignum, the solicitor, for the proceedings in this cause, and that gentleman was also solicitor to the fiat; he had not paid him any money on account, as he thought it was not usual to pay until an account was furnished, and a demand of payment made. Mr. Humfrey then addressed the jury, and commented with great severity on the evidence of the bankrupt and his brother; and the jury, after consulting for about ten minutes, found the following verdict:—"We are unanimously of opinion that Samuel Chifney was not a horse-dealer, for he had no board over his stables, and only liveried horses which were sent to him to be trained, and we are still more unanimously of opinion that he was not a dealer in hay and corn." Under these circumstances, the bankruptcy will be superseded.

RETURN OF RACE HORSES FROM THE SOUTH.—On Monday last Jereed, Epirus, Mickle Fell, Sambo, Capulet, and Teresa, arrived at the Salutation Inn, Doncaster, and on the following morning proceeded on their way to their training stables in the North.

BUXTON RACES.—The splendid gold vase for Buxton races is finished by Bright and Sons, of Sheffield. It is given by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and is 100 guineas value. In future, we understand, it is the intention of the committee to have the races at a later period of the season, in order to give several noblemen and gentlemen an opportunity of contesting the races, who have expressed their wish to do so, were it a more convenient season to send their horses.

The *Plenipo* and *Sheet Anchor* robberies for the Ascot cup would, we should have thought, have deterred men from speculating on that race until the horses had actually come to the post, but it would appear that no warning is sufficient for these simpletons, who have again allowed themselves to be duped and plundered. The form and the very superior running of *Hornsea* on Tuesday, *three* miles, with *nine stone seven* on his back, induced the best judges to believe, when carrying only eight stone twelve, that he would have a very fair chance of winning the cup; and under this impression, and, doubtless, believing that *his* owner was made of *different* materials from the proprietors of the horses at first alluded to, they were induced to back him for a considerable amount. It was well known to these men that *Touchstone* had been a little amiss a few weeks before, and in addition to this, there was a general impression that one of his legs was a little queer; that, however, was of trivial importance, for the *things* that went with him scarcely galloped, but had *Hornsea* started, *his pace* would not only have tried Touchstone's leg, but his *stoutness* too, and he would, under existing circumstances, in all probability, have won the race. He was *freely* backed on the ground on Tuesday. The quotations appear, as a matter of course, in the papers of the following morning, and by *such* quotations *thousands* are laid out by the admirers of Turf pursuits in the more distant parts of the country. These persons will pay their money willingly when fairly lost, but the Turf must lose many of its minor supporters when they are thus unwarrantably tricked. Will the five hundred pounds that his owner won by *not starting* his horse be any consolation for the strong animadversions that has been cast upon his name? Let us advise our readers to leave the Goodwood cup alone, until the horses are saddled for the start. London Satirist.

The conduct of the owner of *Hornsea* appears to have created a great sensation among the "*legs*." Londonderry being asked his opinion of the withdrawal of the horse at Ascot, replied with his wonted simplicity, "Had I *Horn-sea*, and I found there was a to-do among the *legs*, I should certainly withdraw my horse, and draw in my bets." "You mean your *horns*, my dear," jocularly rejoined Frances Anne.

TETE-A-TETE AT TATTERSALLS.

Gully.

Ascot, dear CROCKFORD, as you see,
Has proved a *bitter cup* to me.

Crockford.

And so it has to me, wot tries on
The *do* at times, a dish o' pison.

In answer to Townsend's challenge, Drinkwater will pick up 100 stones against Townsend's pupil, and 100 against Townsend himself, for £100. Drinkwater to pick up 200 at one start, and Townsend and his pupil to pick up 100 stones each. If this should not please Townsend or his pupil, he will give Townsend five minutes' start in 200 stones; or he will run from one to four miles with any man in England.

Harris, the pedestrian, has undertaken to walk 1250 miles in 1000 hours! (being one mile and a quarter every successive hour till the time is accomplished), to commence on Monday morning, the 12th June, at half past 10, in the Loughborough road, near the Green Man Tavern, Cold Harbor-lane, Brixton. The greatest task ever done in England, to walk 550 yards in and out.

A separation is talked about for the fifth time between a certain Earl and Countess of sporting celebrity. It not suiting the lady's *book* to turn over a new *leaf* in regard to certain little foibles of an il-*leg*-itimate character, is the cause, we believe, of the repeated misunderstandings.

A CAT POINTER.—Mr. Thomas Travis, a mechanic employed in the factory of Mr. Gregg, Styall, near Wilmslow, has in his possession a cat which has been trained to execute all the duties of the pointer. She will set, bark, and follow game with all the keenness of an inveterate sportsman, and never seems more happy than when out with her master's son. Grimalkin is now five years old. London paper.

PORTUGUESE DOGS.—Dogs of exquisite taste prowled around the vineyards, and gazed with hopeless eyes on that forbidden paradise. They are passionately fond of grapes, and sticks, purposely attached to their collars, prevent their entrance into the vineyards. This Bacchannalian propensity is, in a great measure, the cause of that amazing influx of dogs into Lisbon during the summer months; for when the grape begins to ripen, the proprietors of the vineyards on the opposite coast lay violent hands on the canine species, and ship them off to the capital. There, prowling about in hungry groups, they become of real use in cleansing the streets of that detestable filth which would otherwise accumulate to an intolerable extent, and might breed a pestilence. In this respect, the strong northerly gales are also valuable auxiliaries.

The Wrath of Waterford.—The character of the Marquis of Waterford has been most grossly aspersed. A statement has gone the round of the papers that his immaculate lordship, with divers others, had been guilty of a drunken riot at Windsor. Of course the hair of Waterford stood on end at so monstrous an accusation; his indignant virtue choked his utterance; but impressed as he ever is with religious fervor, he sank upon his knees, and thanked Providence that he was never led into temptation. Having duly calmed his excited spirit with prayer and copious libations, for it is said—

There's nought so much the troubled spirit calms,
As rum and religion,

he took up his pen and addressed the following letter to the *Satirist*:—

To the Editor of the Satirist.

SIR—Some insolent slanderer has propagated a report that I was down at Windsor on a certain night; and that in a state of drunkenness I wrested the sceptre out of the hand of the statue of Henry VI., which stands within the precincts of Eton College. I ask you, Sir, if it is possible for a person of my loyalty and Protestant piety, for *me*, who declared at the Dublin meeting that "I would sacrifice my life and fortune for the Church and State," to commit so gross an act?

But to silence at once so unfounded a calumny, I beg to assure you that on the night in question I was drunk at the masquerade; and that on leaving that place of rational enjoyment, I seized a donkey cart in the Haymarket, and with one of the refined promoters of the Masquerade drove off to a neighboring gin-shop.

I trust that you will give publicity to this, as I would not for my existence commit any act which might be construed into an insult upon Royalty, or tend in any way to injure the Protestant religion, at the head of which is the King.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

London Satirist.] WATERFORD.

THE CHASE, THE TURF, AND THE ROAD.

By Nimrod.

[Though we presume that every subscriber to the New Sporting Magazine has bought a copy of Nimrod's admirable book on the Chase, the Turf, and the Road, we cannot resist the temptation of enriching our columns with a few extracts from the first article—*the Chase*. Even should most of our readers have seen them before, they will bear a re-perusal].

"In no one instance has the modern varied from the ancient system of hunting more than in the hour of meeting in the morning. With our forefathers, when the roost cock sounded his clarion, they sounded their horn; throwing off the pack so soon as they could distinguish a stile from a gate, or, in other words, so soon as they could see to ride to the hounds. Then it was that the hare was hunted to her form by the trail, and the fox to his kennel by the drag. Slow as this system would now be deemed, it was a grand treat to the real sportsman.—What, in the language of the chase, is called "the tender-nosed hound," had an opportunity of displaying himself to the inexpressible delight of his master; and to the field—that is, to the sportsmen who joined in the diversion—the pleasures of the day were enhanced by the moments of anticipation produced by the drag. As the scent grew warmer, the certainty of finding was confirmed; the music of the pack increased; and, the game being up, away went the hounds "in a crash." Both trail and drag are at present but little thought of; hounds merely draw over ground most likely to hold the game they are in quest of, and thus, in a great measure, rely upon chance for coming across it; for if a challenge be heard, it can only be inferred that a fox has been on foot in the night—the scent being seldom sufficient to enable the hound to carry it up to his kennel. Advantages, however, as far as sport is concerned, attend the present hour of meeting in the field. Independently of the misery of riding many miles in the dark, which sportsmen of the early part of last century were obliged to do, the game, when it is now aroused, is in a better state to encounter the great speed of modern hounds, having had time to digest the food which it has partaken of in the night, previously to its being stirred. But it is only since the great increase of hares and foxes that the aid of the trail and drag could be dispensed with, without the frequent recurrence of blank days, which now seldom happen.

Compared with the luxurious ease with which the modern sportsman is conveyed to the field—either lolling in his chaise and four, or galloping along, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, on a hurried guinea-hack—the situation of his predecessor was all but distressing. In proportion to the distance he had to ride by starlight, were his hours of rest broken in upon; and, exclusive of the time which that operation might consume, another serious one was to be provided for. This was, the filling his hair with powder and pomatum until it could hold no more, and forming it into a well turned knot, or club, as it was called, by his valet, which cost commonly a good hour's work. The protecting mud-boot, the cantering hack, the second horse in the field, were luxuries unknown to him; and his well-soiled buckskins, and brown topped boots, would have cut an indifferent figure in the presence of a modern connoisseur at a Leicestershire coverside. Notwithstanding all this, however, we are inclined strongly to suspect, that, out of a given number of gentlemen taking the field with hounds, the proportion of really scientific sportsmen may have been in favor of the olden times.

Four packs of fox-hounds divide the far-famed county of Leicester: namely, Lord Forester's, late the Duke of Rutland's; the Earl of Lonsdale's; the Atherstone, late the Earl of Lichfield's, afterwards Sir John Gerard's, but now Mr. Applewaite's; and what were so long called the Quorn, now Mr. Errington's but lately Sir Harry Goodricke's, who built a kennel for them at Thrussington, half way between Melton and Leicester, which situation is more in the centre of the country than Quorn, where they had previously been kept from the period of Mr. Meynell's hunting it. The county of Leicester, however, does not of itself find room for all these packs: parts of Rutlandshire, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Warwickshire, are also included in their beat.

Our readers are doubtless aware, that such portion of a county as is hunted by any one pack of hounds, is technically called their *country*; and of all the *countries* in the world, the Quorun certainly bears the bell. This superiority arises from the peculiar nature of the soil—which, being for the most part good, is highly favorable to scent; the immense proportion of grazing land in comparison with that which is ploughed; and the great size of the enclosures, many of which run to from sixty to one hundred acres each. The rarity of large woods in this part of Leicestershire is also a great recommendation to it as a hunting country; while it abounds with furze-breaks, or gorse covers, as they are termed, for the rent of which a considerable annual sum (nearly £1000) is paid to the owners. Independently of these, what are termed artificial covers are made with stakes set at a certain height from the ground for the grass to grow over them: but they are very inferior to the others, being difficult for hounds to draw. The subscription to the Quorn hounds has varied from 2000*l.* to 4000*l.* per annum,* but Sir Harry Goodricke bore the whole expense of them himself.

One of the most striking features in the aspect of the chosen regions of English fox-hunting is the formidable *ox-fence*—rendered necessary by the difficulty of keeping fatting cattle within their pastures during the season of the œstrus, or gadfly. It consists of—first, a wide ditch, then a sturdy black-thorn hedge, and at least two yards beyond that, a strong rail, about four feet high; to clear all these obstacles, from whichever side they may be approached, is evidently a great exertion for a horse. What is termed the bulfinch fence (still more common in these districts), is a quickset hedge of perhaps,fifiy years growth, with a ditch on one side or the other, and so high and strong that horses cannot clear it. The sportsman, however, charging this at nearly full speed, succeeds in getting to the other side, when the bushes close after him and his horse, and there is no more appearance of their transit than if a bird had hopped through. Horses unaccustomed to these fences, seldom face them well at first; perhaps nothing short of the emulation which animates their riders, and the courage created in the noble animals themselves by the presence of hounds, would induce them to face such things at all. Timber fences, such as rails, stiles, and gates, but particularly rails, are oftener leaped in Leicestershire than in any other country, by reason of the great height which the quickset fences attain—a height which, in some places, nothing but a bird can surmount; brooks also abound, amongst the widest of which are the Whissendine; the Smite, or Belvoir; one under Stanton Wood; another under Norton by Galby; and a fifth near Woodwell Head.

At the conclusion of the last century, Mr. Meynell, was master of the Quorn hounds, since which time they have been in the hands of the following conspicuous sportsmen:—Earl Sefton, the late Lord Foley, Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. Osbaldeston, Lord Southampton, the late Sir Harry Goodricke, Sir Francis Holyoake Goodricke, and Mr. Errington, the late son of Sir Thomas Stanley, Bart. of Cheshire, who now has them.

Before Leicestershire acquired its present ascendant rank in the scale of sport, it was hunted by what were called the Noel hounds, which afterwards became the property of the Lonsdale family; but, in those early days, this country wore, to the eye of a sportsman, a very different appearance from that which it now presents. A great portion of the land was uninclosed; neither was there a tenth part of the furze covers with which it now abounds. The foxes, on the other hand, were wilder then than they are at present, and runs of longer duration than those of late times were, on an average the result. Game was not so plentiful as it now is: consequently foxes had farther to travel for their usual provender, which trained them for runs of extraordinary length; and they were wilder, from the wilder nature of the country in which they were bred. It was, however reserved to Mr. Meynell to render famous the county of Leicester as a hunting county. He was doubtless the most successful sportsman of his own time, nor has he been surpassed by any who have trodden in his steps; although it may be admitted that he has had his equals in some departments of "the craft." It is a great mistake to fancy that a fool will ever make a first-rate figure even in fox-hunting; and, in truth, this father of modern chase was anything but a fool. He was a man of strong and vigorous mind, joined with much perseverance, as well as ardor in his favorite pursuit, and bringing faculties to bear upon the sport, as a *science*, which would have distinguished themselves in any walk of life to which he might have applied them. As a breeder of hounds he displayed a perfect judgment; the first qualities he looked for were fine noses and stout running: a combination of strength with beauty, and steadiness with high mettle. His idea of perfection of shape was summed up in "short backs, open bosoms, straight legs, and compact feet." Although he did not hunt his hounds himself, yet he was one of the boldest, as well as the most judicious horsemen of his time; but this was only a minor qualification. His knowledge of hunting was supreme, and several of his maxims are in force to the present hour. He was a great advocate for not hurrying hounds in their work; and having, perhaps, unparalled influence over his field, he was enabled to prevent his brother sportsmen from pressing on the hounds when in difficulties—himself being the first to keep aloof: in chase, no man rode harder.

It was in his day that the hard riding, or, we should rather say, quick riding, to hounds, which has ever since been practised, was first brought into vogue.—The late Mr. Childe, of Kinlet Hall, Shropshire—a sportsman of the highest order, and a great personal friend of Mr. Meynell—is said to have first set the hunt. The system has not only continued, but has gained ground; and the art of riding a chase may be said to have arrived at a state of perfection quite unknown at any other period of time. That a drawback from sport, and occasional loss of foxes, are often the result of this dashing method of riding to hounds, every sportsman must acknowledge; as an old writer on hunting has observed, "the emulation of leading in dogs and their masters has been the ruin of many a good cry." One circumstance, however, has greatly tended to perfect the system of riding well up, and this is the improved condition of Hunters. Of Mr. Meynell's time, two celebrated chases are recorded in print; one of an hour and twenty minutes without a check; and the other, two hours and fifty minutes without a cast. Only two horses carried their riders throughout the first run, and only one went to the end of the second, both foxes were killed, and *every hound* was present at the death of each. We may venture to say, had the two runs we have alluded to, taken place within the last few years, this superiority in the condition of the hounds over the horses would by no means have been maintained.

Perhaps the oldest fox-hound blood in England at this time is to be found in the kennel of the Earl of Lonsdale, at Cottesmore. The Noels, whom this family succeeded, were of ancient standing in the chase; and the venerable peer himself has now superintended the pack for nearly fifty years, with a short interregnum of three or four years, when Sir Gilbert Heathcote had them.

Lord Yarborough's kennel can likewise boast of very old blood, that pack having descended without interruption, from father to son for upwards of one hundred and fifty years.

The hounds late Mr. Warde's, sold to Mr. Horlock a few years since for two thousand guineas, claim a high descent, having much of the blood of Lord Thanet's and Mr. Elwe's packs, which were in the possession of the Abingdon family, at Rycot, for at least three generations, and hunted Oxfordshire and Berkshire.

Mr. Warde was a master of fox-hounds during, as we believe, the yet unequalled portion of fifty-seven years in succession. During this time he sold his pack to Lord Spencer; but reserved three couples of bitches, from which he raised another pack, and thus never lost sight of his own blood.

The late Earl Fitzwilliam comes very near Mr. Warde as an old master of fox-hounds. Soon after Mr. Warde purchased his first pack of the Honorable Captain Bertie, this peer bought the one called the Crewe and Foley, which had been very long established in Oxfordshire, and Warwickshire; and he kept them to his death—nearly fifty years, and they are now in the kennel of the present Earl.

The Belvoir hounds are also a very old established pack, but had an interval during the minority of the present Duke of Rutland, when in the hands, first of Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, and afterwards of Mr. Percival, brother of the late Lord Egremont.

The Duke of Beaufort's are another justly celebrated pack, now in the possession of the third generation; they date from the time of Lord Fitzwilliam's taking the Crewe and Foley hounds, which made an opening in that part of Oxfordshire which the duke now hunts.

Fox-hounds have been kept at Raby Castle, Durham, by the present Duke of Cleveland, and his uncle, the late Earl of Darlington, for more than a century; and his Grace officiated as huntsman to his pack for nearly forty seasons, still following them to the field.

The Earl of Scarborough's late pack, now Mr Folijambe's, hunting the Collingworth country, claim also an early date; and amongst the other old masters of fox-hounds now alive, the names of Sir Richard Puleston, the late Lord Middleton, the Earl of Harewood, Mr. Villebois,* Mr. Ralph Lambton, Mr. Musters, and the Duke of Grafton, stand next on the list. The late Sir Thomas Mostyn was in the uninterrupted possession of fox-hounds for upwards of forty years; the late Mr. Chute, of Hampshire, kept them at least thirty years; and that superexcellent sportsman, Mr. Musters, has already seen out a similar period."

* Mr. Villebois is since dead.

WAGERS.

The Romans had a great taste for wagers and bets; and there was a conventional form among their usages of ratifying this species of contract, by taking from their finger the ring which the higher classes wore, and consigning it to the custody of a third party or umpire. A contract thus ratified was obligatory, and gave a right of action at law to enforce payment. One of the wildest and most audacious bets that ever was offered, was that of a physician named Asotepiades, who betted that he would never be ill in his whole life. Absurd and impious as was this presumption, he gained his wager, although he could not enjoy it, for when he died, his decease was preceded by no sickness, dying suddenly of a fall down stairs, in a very advanced period of life.

No one can forget the memorable wager of Cleopatra with Marc Antony, that she would eat what should cost a million of the money of that day at a single meal; everybody knows she caused a pearl of inestimable value to be dissolved in a cup, which she filled with wine and swallowed; but everybody is not aware that had the amorous triumvir chosen to contest the matter, the black-browed Queen of Egypt would have had to mourn the loss of her jewel, without obtaining an equivalent; for it is an axiom of the civil law, that wagers are contracts founded on good faith, and there should not be any equivocation either in the facts or in the words in which they are couched. Now, when a party engages to eat at one repast the value of a certain sum, it is evident that the engagement is that the amount should be expended in eatables, and not in extra alimentary substances, which are fraudulently introduced into the economy of the table. We are certainly of opinion, that had the case been submitted to any jury, the Queen would have been nonsuited.

In the year 1634, the Parliament of Dole, in France, was required to decide upon an extraordinary wager between two inhabitants of Pasmes. One of the two had agreed, that if the other would pay him twenty-four francs in hand, he would furnish him with a certain quantity of grains of millet, in proportion to the number of children who should be born within a certain extent of country, and be baptized during one year. For the first child he was to furnish one grain, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, always doubling the number of grains for each successive birth. The number of children born was 66, and the proportion of grains to be supplied was so enormous that the party bound by the bet demanded the cancelling of the contract, as being founded upon an impracticable condition. The court, in effect, decided, after having made the necessary calculation, that the wager was naturally impossible to be fulfilled: and it consequently decreed that the party who had received the twenty-four francs on condition of an event which he declared himself not able to meet, should return that sum to his opponent and should pay an additional sum of twenty-four francs, which was the only chance of loss incurred by the gainer, if the millet having been furnished he had lost the bet.

COSMOGONICAL SQUINTINGS.

America.—Money not to be smelt under cent. per cent. General Shaving—universal Barbarism—Lynch Law—literal distress—great scarcity of V.'s X.'s, L.'s, and Co.'s. No trust but distrust. Great cuttings up 'cause *cotting's* down. Every bank like the Mammoth—the specie's extinct.

Mexico.—Losing Texas and gaining Taxes. Rows riz. Revolution once a month. Two Presidents and a thousand Vices. General row, General discontent, General Bustamente.

Poland—*past*. Wo-land—*present*. No-land—*future*.

Spain.—Within an ace of losing her queen by a knave—the king no trump. Civil war, Seville oranges, servile courtiers, save-all ministers, and several Dons done to a dungeon for donning Donna Maria's livery.

England.—Nothing moving but stagnation. War with the Church—Radicals running Steeple Chases. Dolorous signs from brother Jonathan, and sine-dollarous remittances.

Russia.—Rasher and rasher. Czar wants to spar, but is not such a calf as to take the Bull by the horns. Can't tell whether an autocrat ought to crow or to cry.

France.—Louis Philippe doing badly—daily expecting a bullet-in. All Paris going gunning at *le monarque metallique*. Vaults groaning with gold, table set with silver—coach plaited with platina, and covered with copper to keep off steel knives, iron muzzles, and leaden balls, because his popularity is in a state of pewter-ifaction. Royalty rolling in riches, and manufacturers in misery. Another revolution hourly expected. Puppies pampered, and Lyons starved.

Ireland.—Taxes, tithes, and 'taters. Agitators and their imitators—Whiteboys without a yellow-boy. Dozens of families without a thirteener. No rent paid but the Connell rent. Orange faction looking blue, and many a son of Green Erin without a red herring. Gentleman's Magazine.

Qualifications of Aldermen.—It is a maxim practically observed in all honest, plain thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat—and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is moulded to the body like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many men of science, who have made human nature their peculiar study. For as a learned gentleman of our own city observes, "There is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures and their physical constitution—between their habits and the structures of their bodies." Thus we see that a lean, spare, diminutive body, is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind. Either the mind wears down the body by its continual motion, or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient house-room, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing, and worrying about, from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery, is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease; and we may always observe that your well fed, robustious burghers, are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort, being great enemies to noise, discord and disturbance; and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs? No, no, it is your lean, hungry men, who are continually worrying society, and setting the whole community by the ears. Washington Irving.

A sporting schoolmaster a few days since bought a dog of the *pointer* breed, but the animal, on a fair trial, not possessing the necessary qualifications, was returned by the purchaser, accompanied by a note, quaintly stating that "the dog knew nothing of *punctuation*."

* Sir Bellingham Graham alone received the last-named sum. That now given to Mr. Errington is about 2,500*l.*

† Among the foremost of these were, the present Earl of Jersey, then Lord Villiers; the late Lord Forester, then Mr. Cecil Forester, Lord Delamere, then Mr. Cholmondley; the Hon. George Germaine; Earl Sefton; Lord Huntingfield, then the Hon. Joshua Vanneck; the late Lords Charles Somerset, Maynard, and Craven; Lord Lynedoch, then Col. Graham; the late Lords Foley, and Wenlock, then Sir Robert Lawley; Honorables Robt. Grosvenor, Berkeley Craven, and Martin Hawke; Sir John Shelley, Sir Henry Peyton, and the late Sir Stephen Glynn; General Tarleton; Messrs. Loraine Smith, Childe, Charles Meynell, Harvey Aston, Lowth, Masters, Lambton, Bennet, Hawkes, Lockley, Thos. Asshton Smith, Lindow, Jacob Wardell, *cum multis aliis*.

CUTTING OUT.

The Surprise, at dark, had stood in shore under a crowd of sail; and when sufficiently close, the boats were hoisted out, and left the ship in two divisions, as indicated, the pinnace leading the first, and the gig leading the second, having the rest in tow. At the time of leaving the Surprise, the Hermione was visible through a night-glass; and such was the anxiety of the leader of this bold enterprise, that he never once lost sight of her, but stood with the night-glass in his hand until an event occurred which made the gallant Captain look in another direction.

The boats had crept along silently, and rather slowly, towards the harbor's mouth; and now the lights were visible from the town; they were about two miles distant from the Hermione, and as yet apparently undiscovered. The oars, as they silently dipped in the water, were feathered close to its surface; no phosphoric brightness betrayed the approaching enemy—not a word was uttered, and even in the leading boat, so strictly was silence observed, and so well were the boats pulled, that the jolly-boat was scarcely discernible. Suddenly the boats were hailed; a volley of musketry succeeded, a long gun dashed its contents in the direction of the English crews, and it became evident that all was discovered. The Hermione was seen with lights on her main deck, and at quarters; a gun from the shore answered the gun previously fired, and it was plain that the only surprise which could have been effected was now destroyed.

Captain Hamilton trusted that his officers would have obeyed his directions, by disregarding every other object but the one in view; and when he cast off the tow and gave three cheers, he added, "Hurrah for the first on board!" Murray steered the pinnace, and her bow never varied in the least from the direction of the frigate. The gallant fellows now no longer dipped in their oars silently; but they dashed forward, cheering as they went, and giving the enemy ample time to make every preparation. It was now the first error was committed. The launch and second division of boats, instead of dashing forwards, turned short round upon the gun-boats which had given the alarm, and thus Captain Hamilton, who kept his face towards the foe, reached the bow of the Hermione unsupported; not a boat was pulling in the same direction but the jolly-boat, and she was soon far astern.

As the pinnace passed the larboard bow of the Hermione, the forecastle gun was fired at her; but she was so close that the contents passed over her, and at that moment might be seen the extraordinary sight of a frigate's pinnace, with about twenty men in all, going unsupported alongside a frigate, having at least three hundred men on board, to cut her out; that frigate being perfectly prepared and actually at quarters, with her main-deck properly lighted by fighting-lanterns, and her Captain and officers on the quarter-deck awaiting an attack, as was afterwards affirmed, from the Surprise herself, and not her boats.

In a work of this kind we only follow the hero. As the pinnace was crossing the hawse of the Hermione, her rudder caught a rope which went from the bows of the frigate to her boat moored at the buoy. Murray lifted the rudder, when the boat fell between the starboard fore-chains and the cathead. A rush was made to be the first man on board. Captain Hamilton, upon jumping upon the lower anchor, which had that day been weighed, and was still covered with mud, slipped off, and nearly fell into the boat; however, still keeping firm hold of the foremost lanyard of the fore shroud, he recovered his footing, and leaped over the bulwark.

* * * * * * *

The Spaniards had by this time become acquainted with the nature of the attack, and a rush was made from the main-deck by the after hatchway; but the English, flushed with the success of the enterprise, and finding themselves in possession of the quarter-deck, soon repulsed the enemy. During this affair, the marine officer's party boarded on the larboard gangway. This welcome, but tardy assistance—for it appears they had tried to board on that gangway before, but were repulsed—placed the success of the enterprise beyond a doubt, as far as the possession of the frigate was concerned, although from the main-deck a continued fire of musketry was still kept up. In the mean time the cables had been cut; the men appointed to perform that duty, as they got to their respective situations, made ample amends for their former neglect. The mizen-topsail was loose, the ship adrift, and creeping out of the harbor, when the marines made a rush on the main-deck, and the Hermione surrendered. The Arethusa.

RECENT OCCURRENCES.

A gentleman advertises for a wife. Member of Deaf and Dumb Asylum offers. Gentleman doesn't think she'll *answer*.

Man at Weehawken kills 17 black snakes. Walks in that neighborhood lovely and *serpent*-ine.

Western paper describes a duel, and says, "one of the parties was shot through the *fleshy* part of his thigh-*bone*."

Recorder Riker shocked at appearance of criminal in dirty linen. Criminal imputes it to an unhappy scarcity of shirts, and not to any philosophical negligence in the wearer of them.

Short man in green spectacles and pale young lady in lilac colored bonnet, display their oratory in Broadway. Short man, it seemed, had jilted pale young lady. Lady says she's "*a lone woman*." Man replies, she "may be so, and be d——d."

Judge in Connecticut decides that all roads are *passable*—if you pay the turnpike.

Actress at a party rather thinly clad. Not exactly an evening dress, but a dress suitable for *Eve*.

Set-to opposite Niblo's, between a hack driver and a journeyman tailor. Tailor *sheers* off, *clips* it, and stops on the *skirts* of the town.

Mrs. Cent, of Wisconsin, presents her husband with three little ones. Husband poor; children *copper*-colored.

Woman sick up town. Wants food; physician substitutes physic; woman dies.

Sailor on Peck slip falls down in an apoplexy. Lookers on think him dead, but recommend bleeding. Man jabs a jack-knife into him. Sailor under the impression that he is still alive.

Surgeon Hazlehurst buys a subject. Subject, child two years old. Price agreed on, shilling an inch. Resurrectionist dislocates child's neck in trying to make it an inch longer. Doctor considers goods damaged, and refuses to pay.

Two *joint executors* at the Globe hotel, in Broadway, commence carving each other. Recorder orders them to *fork*-up—in default of which, cooks removed from the kitchen to the *bar*-room.

Gentleman in Greenwich-street witnesses the ceremony of lowering a porter hogshead from a dray into a beer-cellar. Dray-man gives him a certificate of attendance, by throwing a greasy rope over his white pantaloons.

Big ship at Philadelphia. End of her flying jib-boom knocks over a city steeple; tail of her pennant sweeps a flock of sheep off the Jersey shore.

Rich widow at the Astor-house goes on a sailing excursion down the bay. Great speculation *afloat*.

Fishing excursion to the banks. Passengers all sick. "A-vast heaving!" Sunday News.

MANILLA.

Extract of a letter to the Editor of the Boston Post, dated

"*Canton, March* 8, 1837.

* * * * * "Manilla, I believe, is the loveliest place in the Eastern world. We arrived there on the 17th of December, and remained until Feb. 5th. The climate is delicious, and every thing else in keeping—the girls are perfect '*peris*' and '*houris*,' and all sorts of 'eyes'—some of them a shade or two *darker* than Yankees would, generally, consider desirable, yet very beautiful. The bands of music which play every Sunday night are beyond all praise, although a man asked me if I thought they were to be compared to the 'Brigade Band.' O no, said I, no more than M. is to F. as an actor.

"These bands are composed entirely of Indians, but instructed by a Spaniard. There are four bands, with about fifty in each, and attached to the different Regiments. The leader of one is quite a boy, but the finest clarionet player I have ever heard. K——l 'isn't a patch upon his coat tail,' as Charley Young says.

"The ruling passion of the nation is gambling, and of all forms cock-fighting seems the most popular. Every man you meet has a game fowl under his arm; and so great is their fondness for them, that at a late fire, which consumed a large number of huts, a fellow neglected his only child, and left it to perish in order to save a favorite cock. On this being known to the authorities they thought proper to question him as to his want of parental tenderness, and the reply was, 'that he was young, and so was his wife, and they could easily replace the child, but not so the fowl, for he was the best in Manilla.' I have not time to give you any account of the many delightful methods of passing leisure hours there; but I know I left it with great regret and would now return if my arrangements would admit of it.

"I can't say much for Canton. Here 'Thought lies barren and naught breeds but gold,' and the musquitoes. I saw an amusing display the other night. The Chinese wanted rain and so they '*chin chinned*' their '*Josh*' for it—that is, they prayed to their god. What their prayer might have been I don't pretend to know, but a part of the form was striking. They had made from Bamboo and silk a large serpent, fifty yards long (a perfect fac simile of those fifteen or twenty that Fred saw,) which was illuminated in order to show the bumps, and accompanied by a number of lanterns and a band of cymbals and drums. They kept this citizen travelling round all night, and as it rains fast now I suppose they consider their prayers properly noticed.

"We may now look for nothing but rain for the next two months, but before that I hope to be on the 'deep blue sea' again. We shall probably leave here the last week in April, and I hope to shake hands with you in August, unless we should be stopped by some of those practical rascals that are to be found about the equator."

BIPED vs. QUADRUPED.--SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.

Anlaby Road, near Hull, in Yorkshire, was on Monday last a scene of unusual bustle and gaiety, hundreds congregating to witness a race, which, for its novelty, was almost as attractive as the Derby at Epsom, though for a trifling stake, between P. Ashton, a runner of some celebrity, known in the purlieus of Drypool, and the pig "Phosphorus Vates," (so named by his owner from his having won by the prophecy of Vates); a week's training, under "kingly" auspices, on the ground selected for the races, prepared piggy for the task. In a capacious stable, distant a few paces from the place from which it was arranged they should start, "snoozed" Vates, on a scanty bed of straw, any thing in the shape of food being strictly prohibited from entering his dwelling. Every morning his careful trainer was at his post to release the imprisoned quadruped, whose delight at the enjoyment of liberty was expressed in grunts as he rattled away towards a stye at the turnpike-bar, where a luxurious breakfast was provided, a stone opposite the stye marking the mile, and the place at which the labors of the competitors were to end. In one of his morning trips an unlucky accident had nearly put the stopper on the further exertions of Vates. A bull dog, belonging to a neighboring farmer, who, disregarding, or, perhaps, ignorant of the orders of the Mayor, was suffered to go unmuzzled, and meeting Vates, when taking an extra sweat, he seized him by the leg and cruelly mangled it.—Care, and a little rest, however, soon put this to rights, and on Sunday morning, forgetful of the doctrine of "Saint Agnew," a trial of his capabilities was made, when, according to the assertions of his friends, the mile was performed some seconds under five minutes. "Jack! Jack! Jack!" called with peculiar emphasis, told many an anxious heart on the Monday morning that the time appointed for the contest was near approaching, and as the parochial clock of the Potteries struck twelve, the stable-door was opened, and master Vates appeared, evidently abashed at the number of the crowd, who welcomed his debut with loud cheers. Ashton eyed his strange antagonist with an inquiring look; little time was, however, allowed for reflection. The betting-ring, like the assemblage on the hill at Epsom, when the signal is given for saddling, broke up in a twinkling, the last offer which we heard being 6 to 4 on Vates. Every eye was on the stretch for Vates. Ashton stole away unobserved at a steady and nervous pace. The pig, evidently annoyed by the noise and number of the crowd, did not make the progress which his friends anticipated. The dust raised by the equestrian spectators stuck like meal in his teeth, and mistaking it for a portion of his morning's allowance, he thought he could not do better than "sluice his dominos" in a dyke on the road side, distant about four hundred yards from the winning post, thus burying the hopes of his backers in the mire. Ashton, continuing the even tenor of his way, triumphantly reached the goal first, performing the mile in five minutes and three seconds, amidst the congratulations of his friends, who are prepared to match him any distance against any pig in England.

Bell's Life in London.

DOWN EAST GIRLS.

When the down east girls wish to threaten each other with a flogging, they say, "I will be into you like a thousand of brick." When a wild lark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says, "Come, sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon. The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up all at once, and say, "I should think you ought to be ashamed." Boston paper.

When a young chap steals a kiss from an Alabama girl, she says, "I reckon it's my time now," and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget in a week. Irwintown Herald.

When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl she smiles, blushes deeply, and says—nothing. We think our girls have more taste and sense than those of down east and Alabama. When a man is smart enough to steal the divine luxury from them, they are perfectly satisfied. Picayune.

When a female is here saluted with a buss, she puts on her bonnet and shawl, and answereth thus—"I am astonished at thy assurance, Jedediah; for this indignity I will sew thee up." Lynn Record.

The ladies in this village receive a salute with Christian meekness. They follow the scripture rule—when smitten on the one cheek they turn the other also. Bungtown Chronicle.

As for the New York girls, they go on the regular spoils of victory principle. A man must fight for a kiss as if for dear life—head dress, sleeves, &c., not taken into account. But if he takes the citadel, he can then enjoy the spoils to his heart's content—because the girls never give up until all their strength is gone. N. Y. Commercial.

A story is told at Sourabaya of rather a ludicrous nature, relative to a mistake occasioned by the oral powers of one of the lizard tribe. An American ship, commanded by a Captain Tookey, arrived at Samarang, and the captain being much fatigued, retired to rest early in the evening at the house of his agent. When on the point of falling asleep, he thought he heard some one calling out "Tookey." "Hallo," said the captain, "what is it?" A dead silence. Presently came the voice again, "Tookey." "That's my name," answered he; "if you want me com e round to the door." After a short pause, he heard his name pronounced a third time, louder than before. "Well," said he, "these savages are unnatural chaps altogether, to come to a man's window bawling out his name when he wants to go to sleep; however, I'll try if I can't spoil his pipe;" and he forthwith seized a decanter, and opened the window, but not a soul was to be seen. He was on the point of closing it, and returning to his bed, when he heard his name called out again, as he thought, in a jesting manner, and the decanter was immediately dashed in the direction from which the voice proceeded. The host, and two or three of his friends, happening to be enjoying their cigars in an adjoining apartment, and they imagined at first that the captain was talking in his sleep; but when they heard him rushing about the room, and tumbling over the furniture, they thought it high time to interfere; upon their entrance they found him boiling with rage, and searching for some other missile to hurl at the offender; and it was some time before they could persuade him that he had been holding a conversation with a lizard about twelve inches long. Earl's Indian Archipelago.

A Compliment to the Coachman.—A correspondent sends us the following:—Last week, in travelling from Manchester to London by mail, on arriving at Market Harborough the coachman, after doing 60 miles, came for his fee. Three of us gave him the usual sum—viz., 2s. each; the fourth slipped into his hand what he supposed to be 6d. The coachman having the coach lamp in his hand, perceived that the gentleman, evidently by mistake, had given him half a sovereign. His honesty not allowing him to pocket it, he returned to the door to make known the mistake, when the gentleman suddenly exclaimed, "Shut the door, you impudent fellow." "I beg your pardon," said the coachman, "I merely came to inform you that—" when he was cut short by "Shut the door, you scoundrel." The coachman, not being able to brook further ill-usage, exclaimed, "What you gave me, supposing it to be 6d, is half a sovereign, and I wanted to make you acquainted with the mistake." "Oh dear!" says the gentleman, evidently very much excited, "give it me back, and I'll give you a shilling." "No," was the reply, "you evidently have robbed many a poor coachman during your life, and now it comes to me in one lump. Good night;" and he shut the door. He wrapped himself up in his cloak, and never uttered a word the remainder of the journey. London Times.

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

WE agree to run a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, over the Lafayette Course. Sub. $300, h. ft. Two mile heats. To come off the first week in December, 1837, as changed from the first week in January, 1838, by the Convention held in Charleston in February last, which changed the time of the annual races over the Lafayette Course, from the first week in Jan. 1838, to the first week in December, 1837. Named and closed 1st March, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. John Crowell names br. f. by Stockholder, out of the dam of Bolivia.
2. Col. Wade Hampton names Imp. b. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
3. Capt. James J. Harrison names full sister to Kite.
4. Messrs. Townes & Smith names ch. c. by Bertrand, jr., out of Mary Frances.
5. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam Becca, by Marquis.
6. Lewis Lovell names ch. c. John Guedron, by Bertrand, dam Pacussia.

THE following is a Stake, closed for December, 1838; $200 entrance, h. ft. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Hampton names Imp. b. f. Ella, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
2. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names Imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whiskey.
3. G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
4. John Morrison & Co. names ch. c. Highland Henry, by Henry, dam Highland Mary.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, to which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton.	Robert D. Glover.
Col. Joseph H. Townes.	G. Edmonson
Col. John Crowell.	John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

CUTLERY ESTABLISHMENT, No. 9 ASTOR HOUSE.

THE Subscribers offer for sale one of the choicest assortments of the following goods ever imported into the United States.

Sets New Market Trimming Scissors.
Clipping Scissors and Shears.
Farriers' Drawing Knives, Searchers, &c. &c.
"Long's celebrated London Lancets."
Fleams, Lancets, and Pocket Horse Pricks.
Sportsmens' Portable Table Cutlery.
Marooning Cases Complete.
Hunting and Fishing Knives in great variety.
Cork-screws, Boot Hooks, Champagne Openers.
Silver, Pearl, and Ivory Handle Table Cutlery.
" " Plated on Steel, with or without Forks.
Carving Knives, Slicers, and Cooks' Knives
One Real Manton Double Barrel Gun.
Two Pair Real Manton Dueling Pistols.

The Trade supplied either from the shelves or by the Package.

Ju29-4t] GRAVELEY & WREAKS.

SWEEPSTAKES,

Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

NO. 1. Mile heats, subscription $100, forfeit $50. The second Saturday in November, 1837.

1. W. J. Minor names s. f. by Longwaist, out of Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
2. " " " gr. f. Guiha Grisi, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
3. W. H. Chambers names b. f. by Red Rover—Mary Mead, by Palafox.
4. P. Hoggatt names gr. g. by Longwaist—Piano, by Pacolet.
5. O. F. Hornsby names b. g. by Red Rover—Fennella, by Whip.
6. F. L. Claiborne names f. by Red Rover—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
7. Isaac Elmine names gr. f. by Longwaist—Minerva, by Mercury.
8. W. S. Smith names s. f. by Longwaist—Flight, by Virginian.
9. Osmun Claiborne names s. f. by Longwaist—Old Dido. [Closed.]

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
2. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
3. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
4. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.

Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837-38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100: four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838-39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500. declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Colhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Ella, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes. Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

WANTED,

FOR some of the Western Theatres, for the term of five years, three American young ladies, of unquestionable respectability, from fifteen to twenty years of age. They must be well versed in erudition, and have some knowledge of music. For such, very liberal encouragement will be given. Address, within thirty days, (post paid) to

[J24] THOS. M. GROVES, N. Y. Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TO THE OWNERS OF HORSES, COWS, AND DOGS.—Carter & Mills, Veterinary Surgeons, respectfully inform the public, that, having taken the Stables and Yard in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, they intend carrying on the veterinary business in all its branches, and they hope that attention and moderate charges will entitle them to a share of patronage and support.

Sick or lame horses received at the stables at $6 per week, including medicine, attendance and keep.

Horses and Cows attended in town or country at equally moderate rates

Medicine for every disease the horse, dog, or cow is liable to, prepared and sold at the Infirmary, and advice gratis.

☞ Horses bought or sold on Commission.

☞ Horses examined, and opinion given as to soundness. [m13]

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house, lately occupied by Mr. S. B. Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837 [A1.]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31½ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst, and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile, Ala., June 1, 1837.

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse Taustre, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Muzdig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—Powhattan, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—Dashall, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—Middlesex, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—Bergen, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. Langford, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. John Bull, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Wofui—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. Somerset, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. Margaret, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1837. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare Charlotte Pace, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare Powancey, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare Bianca, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare Young Nettletop, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Shark—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare Miss Mattie, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare Blanche, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g. g. dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g. g. g. dam the Bashaw mare. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare Lady Mostyn, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g. g. dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare Helen, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Windair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. *Lady Tomkins*, a chesnut, bred by Samuel Purdy, of New York, and foaled in 1831. She was got by American Eclipse, out of Katy Ann, bred by James Bathgate, Esq. of West Farms, We-tchester Co., N. Y. She was got by Ogle's Oscar, (son of Imp. Gabriel and Vixen, by Imp. Medley) out of Young Maid of the Oaks (the dam of Medoc), by Imp. Expedition, grandam Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle, &c. &c.

She is therefore the same blood as Medoc, with the addition of an intervening cross, through her dam of Ogle's Oscar, from whom she obtains a dip of the blood of Imp. Gabriel and Old Imp. Medley. Not put in 1836. Stinted to Imp. Tranby, and now with him at Lexington, Ky.

No. 2. *Maid of Miami*, ch. f., foaled in 1834, by Orphan Boy, (son of Eclipse and Old Maid of the Oaks), out of Katy Ann above, large and of great substance.

No. 3. *Fleur-de-Lis*, br. f., foaled in 1835, got by Imp. Valentine, out of Katy Ann, is of one color, and in high racing form—fine size.

No. 4. *Orville*, ch. c. foaled in 1836, by Imp. Daghee, dam Lady Tomkins, (No. 1)—large and fine.

Apply to LEWIS BEACH, merchant, New York, or M. BEACH, Lebanon, Ohio, (where the stock may be seen) and every further information given that may be required.

Lebanon, Ohio, March 17, 1837. [A29-tf.]

A STABLE OF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR SALE.

EXPECTING to be obliged to go to Europe early in the next month on business, I would be glad to sell three valuable horses, now in training, and at this time very promising. They consist of Lady Clifden, who won all her races of the last year at 3 years old. Another fine 2 year old colt by Sussex, and a very fine 3 year old out of Grecian Princess, by Maryland Eclipse, (one of the best sons of old Eclipse), and in the great Dorsey Stakes at the Central Course.

These horses will be sold at fair prices for stock of their acknowledged value, and time would be given on a portion of their purchase, if well secured and desired. A careful and experienced trainer might also be obtained with the horses, if a sufficient inducement be held out to him. I would also sell Grecian Princess, with a Tranby colt by her side, for $2500, or Betsey Wilson, also with a Tranby colt for the same price. Application must be made early if a purchase is to be effected.

THOS. EMORY, Eastern Shore of Maryland.

P.S. For the pedigrees of my Stock *in extenso*, see the 6th vol. Turf Register, page 423. [A15] T. E.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

ON the last Saturday in July next I will sell at my Farm, St. Leger, in Chesterfield County, 15 miles from Richmond, and 25 from Petersburg, *all* my Blooded Stock, consisting of BROOD MARES, COLTS, and FILLIES, of all ages; together with the whole stable of horses trained by me this Spring—a list of which follows:—

Experiment, 5 yrs. old, by Jack Downing, dam by Rattler.
Ormond, 5 yrs., by Charles, dam by Alfred.
Margaret Armistead, 5 yrs., by Imp. Apparition, dam by Ogle's Oscar.
Reindeer, 4 yrs., by Sussex, out of the dam of Margaret Armistead.
Sorrel Filly, 4 yrs., by Charles, dam by Hal, grandam sister to Trifle's dam.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Charles, dam by Medley, grandam Merino Ewe.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Charles, dam by Tariff, grandam sister to Tuckahoe.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs, by Eclipse, dam by Jack Andrews.
Bay Colt, 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Charles.
Sorrel Filly, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Screamer.
Sorrel Filly, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by J. C.
Gr. F. Gift, 3 yrs., by Grey Beard, dam by Charles.
S. F., 2 yrs., by Andrew, dam Drunken Frolic.
S. F., 2 yrs., by Andrew, dam Nirce.
B. F., 2 yrs., by Grey Beard, dam by Charles.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam by Alfred.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam by Tariff.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam by Medley, grandam Merino Ewe.
S. F., 1 yrs., Full Sister to Collier.

Brood Mares.

Arietta.
Drunken Frolic, by full brother to Middlesex (Capt. Stockton's), out of the dam of Collier.
Sorrel mare, by Medley, dam Merino Ewe.
Bay mare, by Tariff, dam Sister to Tuckahoe.
Bay mare, by John Richards, out of the dam of Trumpator.
(With their foals.)

Also the most promising colt I know in Virginia, by Shark, dam Arietta, with a great many others.

Terms of sale, 12 months credit, with interest added. Negotiable notes, with approved endorsers.

Black Heath, July 1, 1837. [Ju8] JOHN HETH.

FOR SALE,

THREE SPLENDED JACKS, for Breeding.—They are from the Pyrenees, of extraordinary height, being from 15 to 16 hands high, with immense bone, and in every respect superior animals, and worthy the attention of breeders. They can be seen at Lewis's stable, corner of Stone and Broadsts. For terms apply to 84 Front-st., up stairs. [Ju8-3t]

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, will offer at public sale, at the late residence of JOSEPH A. MABRY, deceased, in Knox county, twelve miles west of Knoxville, on the 24th day of October next, and continue until the sale is completed, the well known stable of Race-Horses and a variety of other Blooded Stock, all the Farm Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Jacks and Jennies, Household and Kitchen Furniture of various descriptions; the well-known Farm, the late residence, (except the widow's dower), together with all the other smaller tracts belonging to said estate; all the Corn, Fodder, Oats, Hay, Wheat, &c., which is on hands at the day of sale. Many other articles too tedious to mention.

Bond and approved security, and twelve months credit on all sums over five dollars, and a discount of six per cent per annum, for all cash paid on sums over five dollars.

Further particulars will be made known on the day of sale. Mr. James Cox will show the Farm.

All persons indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward and make payment immediately, and those having claims against it, are hereby notified to file their claims with us, within the time required by law, or they will be forever barred.

GEO. W. MABRY, } *Executors.*
JAMES COX. }
Knoxville, Tenn., June 14, 1837. [Jy1-5t] W. T. GIVENS. }

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama, Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—*complete* sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [J17

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Gerow* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" "	Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Batesville, Arks.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Clarksville, Tenn.	Red River Course, Sweepstakes, 1st Wednesday in Sept.
Camden, S. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Monday in Nov.
Cleaveland, Ohio.	Annual Fall meeting, 1st Monday, 7th Aug.
Crab Orchard, Ky.	Spring Hill Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 6th Sept.
Danville, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Oct.
Greensboro', Ala.	Henry Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th Oct.
Greensburgh, Ky.	Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
" "	Match, $300 a-side, 2 mile heats, *Waxetta* vs. s. c. by Waxy, 11th Oct.
Hopkinsville, Ky.	Sweepstakes only, 2d Wednesday, 13th Sept.
Kendall Co., Md.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Laurenceville, Va.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 14th, Sept.
Mobile, Ala.	Bascombe Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting 3d Tuesday, 21st Nov.
Montreal, L. C.	St. Pierre Course, Turf Club annual Fall meeting, last Tuesday in Aug.
Mecklenburg, Va.	Buffalo Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th Oct.
Montreal, L. C.	Turf Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Sept.
Milledgeville, Ga.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday of Nov.
Niagara Falls, U.C.	Annual Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d Aug.
Natchez, Miss.	Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
Nashville, Tenn.	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
New York City.	Union Course, L. I., Match, $5000 a-side, Mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, to come off during the Second Fall meeting.
New Orleans, La.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
Olympian Spr'gs, Ky.	Bath Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Thursday, 28th Sept.
Oxford, N. C.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th Oct.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Camden Course, N. J.—Match, Four mile heats, $10,000 a-side, $3000 ft., *Charlotte Russe* vs. *Lady Cliffden*, during the ensuing Fall meeting.
Russellville, Ky.	Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th Sept.
Three Rivers, L. C.	Annual meeting, 2d Thursday, 10th Aug King's Plate to be run for.
Toronto, U. C.	City of Toronto and York Co. meeting, Simcoe Chace Course, 6th Sept.
Upper Marlboro, Md.	Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday of Oct.
Vicksburg, Miss.	Match, — heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" "	Match, $5000 aside, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman*, vs. *Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

HARKAWAY HALL.

Containing some account of the Figginses, (late of Crooked Lane, Fish Street Hill,) and their adventures, agricultural, horticultural, sporting, &c. Being a copy of a letter from Job Nokes, their factotum, to George Judd, his friend in London.

"Arkaway All desembir 4 1836

"O deer jordge! doant Bleav wot nobdy ses—i mean in regards of yew and me. Hooevver told yew i ad Gev up al my Old frends on acount of mastir bean left so Imense fortynat tel em with my cumplymens they ar Grate fibers—partickly yewrself, wich i woodent Giv yew up on no acount watsoevver. The fact is sins leving lunnun & turning cuntry squires at Arkaway All we avent ad time to think of nobdy but usselvs But now we ar geting a litel Strait givs me time to think of Cruked lane. deer jordge i supose yew ar their stil, wich tho a underd & 20 lung mile from yewr afecshonat frend Bleav me i shal never ceas to luv yew like a Tin bruther, & yew may allys count uppon me as yewr farther & muther. But deer Jordge, ope yew will excuse me Lending yew them 5 pound as yew spoke about & so now to more Plessanter subjex, as i am sure yew wil be ankshus to now ow we ar Goin on hereabouts.

"Arkaway All is a verry difrant plase to wot mister Robbins maid it out. in the fust plase the park aint no park at al but nothink but a Big meddow, with instid of lots of dear is fild with nothink but Cheap. Ass for the hestate bean lung sillybrated for its magnyfishant timbar, that was a Lung wile ago, for the last perpryaters Cut down everythink (xept their own xpenses) & havnt Left so much as a stik standing, xept 2 or 3 ded ligdum vitys in frunt of the ous. Owevver thats nuthink, as master and me has Planted sum thowsans of oke saplins wich wil be Growd up in the coarse of a underd ear or so. Then in regard of the Rivver-like peace of warter in frunt of the ous, it has turnt out to be nuthink but a kanel, wich i asure yew mastir was verry much Cut up wen fust he sea it, & the cassel-like heddyfis a crownin the summat of the naybring ill, is wat do yew think the Vilige workus, wear the old men & wimmin ar allys anging out ther sherts and shimmees jest in frant of our drawin rume windys. In 1 thing mistir Robbins was Rite anuff ware he sed the manshun xibits samples of the difrant Rains from Alizzabeth downwards, for tru anuff theirs not a rume in the ous but rains in like a showr bath. O Jordge! yew nevver By a hestate a underd & 20 mile from ome on the bare wird of a hawkshoneer! a litel Liesense is no dout alowabl in sech cases but sech conduck as that is Realy Goin too far.

"But to precede as folows, namely yew no mastir tuk to every think, wishing to keep up the dignaty of a cuntry squire which bean is 1st apeerants in that karacktir in coarse he felt hisself rather strang. But mastirs no foal, so acording he studded is part by going to al the plays with cuntry squires in em a month afore leving lunnun, so that wen he apeerd for the 1st time at Arkaway vilige in Top boots & lether briches & a P grene cote & a wite at & kid gluvs & a dubbel barel gun in his and, he quite asstonisht the nativs. Amungst uther things that he tuk too was a pak of ounds, & it was agrede that i shood be his unter & my bruther Dik and Abram wiper ins. Acording we consultd the Brittish sports man, a coppy of wich we found in the old libery (wich was tuk too with the rest of the fixtures) & sallyd fourth at 5 a clok the next morning for Tallio Spinny. Our pak consisted of 17 dogs wich cut a verry Bewtifull apeerants by the plantashun side. But wood yew Bleav, tho mastir ad hadvatized em in al the morning and hevening papers & sent round sirklers to al the nobbillity gentery & publik at larg, not a sole Maid his apeerants at the randyvoo. So after wating 2 ours in the cold, and much adew to keep the dogs out of the wud, & nobdy cuming, we began to hopparete usselvs. The dogs was sune in the wud, & Plasing myself as untsman on the top of a gate post i sune sea a fine jak air run Rite across the road. In coarse i tantivvid with al my mite, but wood yew bleav not a dog Cood i get to ster. then i cald to Dik my hed wip to begin wipen on em, wich he did as ard as he could lay on, & Abram the same, & sech a nise yew nevver ear. But devl a 1 wood stir after the air & so we was forct at Last to giv in. We tride 2 or 3 moor wuds with the same Sucksess—that is non at al, for tho they was plenty of airs, Rabit em! the dogs hobjected to Runnin after em. At last about ten a clok Seaing sum dear in the park mastir Determind to try em at them & in we went. Ear 1 or 2 yung dogs provd gud game and run the stags about Famus, but most on em stud Stok stil & lukd like foals, and sune after a gam keper cum & Horderd master of in the most hinsalent manor & am sory to say Threw the miss repprisentashuns of this himpertynant skowndril mastir has sins got Broild in a terabl law soot. Retturning ome after this honfortynat okurance, we sea a Lot of red cotes by the side of Tallio spinny wich at first we tuk em for the yomanry a xersing. But after mutewal inquirys on Boath sides, they al set up a orse laff wich so afrunted mastir that he clapt spirs to his shetland pony & galopt of as fast as his 4 legs cood Cary im, me and Dik folowing & wisling the dogs after us, sins wich tim we hav quite Gev up unting & mastir as partid with is ounds by Makeing pressants on em to all his frends and aquanetants.

"Our Shuting hasent bean moor Lukky nor our unting, & wood yew Bleav mastir as axualy bean puld up for shuting his own fessants, the resun they gev was B caws it wasent the proper sesun—ime sure anny Bow strete madgostrait wood av dismist sech a Riddikkilus case direckly. But owevver, the fift of novembir is Past at last, & we may now flare away with our gunpouder as fast as we Like. Last weak mastir gev wat is cald a Grand Battoo, on wich okashun yung mister Mack Rory (the vilige lawyur mastirs noo chum, as has undertuk to binnishiwait him into al the sports & passtimes of a cuntry life, & gos out a Rideing with the yung ladys & helps missis in her cunservitary & green ous) hiovited al his frends and aquanetants, & was Sucksessfull anuff to kil evvery air and fessant on the hestate. In regard of fishing we hav not bean moor Lukky for wishing to kach a dish of wite bate, menny of wich we sea swiming about in the pond beind the ous, we Set our nets akording & the next morning Dru out 2 of the Best cart osses, wich had honfortynatly got intangld in the nets & Bean drownded.

"Our farming i am sory to ad hasent gon on so wel as mit expect, tho mastir & me Supperintends every think. For instants mastir avhing Maid out the gras plats wood akommydate 40 hed of catl, we bort em akording Namely 20 cows & 20 buls But lammintibl to relate on going into the feeld next morning Founc 10 of the buls liing ded on the grownd & the Rest so bad urt as was oblerg to Stik em. The same of poltry, namely the 15 coks fiting and kiling 1 another jest for al the wirld like wesminster pit & missis faneting al the wile & tumbling Slap into the pig sestern.

"Saly Dibs is hed dary made, she was a sad Cowherd at fust, but now that weve had al there orns Sawd of she manniges capitol. She has allreddy Maid buter and custird, and is now attemting grean chese by a reseat as sumbdy in the vilige has Gev her, wich they say to make chese so Bewtyfull yaller and grean is to Fead the cows 1 day with hay & annuther with gras. But this is quite a secrit so deer jordge as the poit Shakspeer says mums the wird. Deer Jordge, I thing i must tel yew namely mastir an me has hit upon a noo way of sheering cheap, wich the old way we found verry Trubblsum & coodent do it, but this is quite contrary: namely instid of Sheering of in the fust instants we Singes away the wul with sperrits of wine, & then with a Smal pare of sithers Snips it close to the skin. It only takes about a pint & a ½ of sperrits of wine to ech cheap, & is so simpl that the yung ladys has axualy tuk ½ the flock & cut em out in the shape of frensh poodl dog lions, & turnt em out to grase under the drawin rume windys. Yew carnt think ow Pastureal they luk!

"Yewr old chum Abram has undertuk the garding which is in a sad plite, the pepel befour us was so Untidy. Only fancy! their was 20 strike of tatys as mastir tuk too on there leving & after Diggin the garding al over to find em was at Lenth diskuvvered under a grate eap of dirt in 1 corner. Nasty creturs! ive no patients with em. Allso in the horchurd menny of the tres ad got grate lumps of mud stikin on em. But Abram sune got some sope & warter & washt em al of, & now they are begining to Luke clene & tidy again. He begs me to cumplyment yew & say he wood have rote hisself but is Verry bizzy tranceplanting a lot of annywals Reddy to flour agen next ear.

"Pleas to giv my Inclosd to yewr cuk made, and Bleav me to be deer Jordge,

"JOB NOKES."

London (New) Sporting Magazine.

A Distinguished Stranger.—Upon the books of one of our hotels, we noticed yesterday, the following arrival—"R. P. Robinson—Texas—Home."

Detroit Spectator.

The Americans in Paris.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Express writes:—

"Many Americans here are placed in the most disagreeable plight. No one will accept their bills on the United States, and they can neither stay nor return home. Some ladies from Albany, amongst others, are reduced to the greatest straits."

We learn from the same source, that the celebrated banker Aguado, appeared as one of the friends of Mr. Welles, of Paris, in his recent application to the Bank of France, and advanced him 800,000 francs.

The Hartford Times relates the best anecdote that we have read for many a day:—

Whiskers.—"I cannot imagine," said alderman H., "why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair on my head." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than with your brains," observed a wag.

SWEEPSTAKES—OXFORD (N. C.) COURSE—FALL, 1837.

A SWEEPSTAKES for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old, Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 15th Sept. 1837.

2d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies that never won a race, ent. $50, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close as above. Three or more to make a race.

Both the above Stakes are expected to be quite full. Address the PROPRIETOR.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY—MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE Trustees having re-organized this department of the Institution, by the re-appointment of three members of the former Faculty, the election of Drs. Eberle, Mitchell, and Cross, late Professors in the Medical College of Ohio, and the creation of an Adjunct Professorship of Anatomy and Surgery, the Lectures will commence, as usual, on the 1st Monday of November, with the following Faculty:—

Analomy and Surgery, by B. W. Dudley, M.D., Professor, and James M. Bush, M.D., Adjunct Professor.

Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence, by James C. Cross, M.D.

Theory and Practice, by John Eberle, M.D.

Obstetricks and the Diseases of Women and Children, by Wm. H. Richardson, M.D.

Materia Medica and Medical Botany, by Chas. W. Short, M.D.

Chemistry and Pharmacy, by Thos. D. Mitchell, M.D.

Each of the teachers will lecture daily, Sabbaths excepted. The fees of the entire course, including Matriculation and the use of the Library, will be $110. The Graduation fee $20.

Notes on all Solvent State Banks will be received by the Faculty.

By order of the Faculty, JAMES C. CROSS, *Dean.*

Lexington, Ky., July 19, 1837. [Ju29]

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—August, 1837.

CONTENTS.—*Original Papers.*—Sketches of Paris, No. 2; The Loves of the Colors; A Tale of a Snag; Excerpts from a College Valedictory Poem; Music; Rose and Violet; The Cold Hand; Design for a Picture Gallery; Vanderlyn; Letter from Miss E. D., Boston, to Miss J. B., New York; Spirit of the West.

Critical Notices.—Motherwell's Poems; The Rocky Mountains, or Scenes, Incidents, and Adventures in the Far West; Society in America; Erato, No. 3; Transactions of the American Lyceum.

Monthly Commentary.—Pauper Immigration; The Children of the Republic; Mineral Wealth of Virginia; Chronological of Cotton; The Ben Sherrod; Fairmount in Miniature; Pondretto; Cure for Hydrophobia; Western Trade of Pennsylvania; Chalk and Water; Tides; Another Moon Hoax; A Sixth Continent; Statistics; Ancient and Modern Democracies; Cheap Bread; Effects of Emigration; American Anthology.

This day (Aug. 1st) published by Geo. Dearborn & Co., 38 Gold street. [At5]

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE RAIL ROAD LINE.

VIA NEWPORT.—From the foot of Marketfield-street, Battery Place, North River, at 5 o'clock, P. M.

AUGUST ARRANGEMENT.

From New York.			*From Providence.*
Rhode Island,	Tuesday,	1st,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	We nesday,	2d,	"
Massachusetts,	Thursday,	3d,	Rhode Island.
"	Friday,	4th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Saturday,	5th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Monday,	7th,	"
Massachusetts,	Tuesday,	8th,	Rhode Island.
"	Wednesday,	9th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Thursday,	10th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Friday,	11th,	"
Massachusetts,	Saturday.	12th,	Rhode Island.
" "	Monday,	14th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Tuesday,	15th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Wednesday,	16th,	"
Massachusetts,	Thursday,	17th,	Rhode Island.
"	Friday,	18th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Saturday,	19th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Monday,	21st,	"
Massachusetts,	Tuesday,	22d,	Rhode Island.
"	Wednesday,	23d,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Thursday,	24th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Friday,	25th,	"
Massachusetts,	Saturday,	26th,	Rhode Island.
" "	Monday,	28th,	Narragansett.
Rhode Island,	Tuesday,	29th,	Massachusetts.
Narragansett,	Wednesday,	30th,	"
Massachusetts,	Thursday,	31st,	Rhode Island.

Passengers for Boston will take the Rail Road Cars at Providence immediately on their arrival.

☞ All Merchandise, Specie, and Baggage, at the risk of the owners thereof. [At5]

City of Toronto and York County Race Meeting.

OVER Simcoe Chace Course, on Wednesday the 6th, Thursday 7th, and Friday the 8th, days of September, 1837.

STEWARDS.

George Gurnett, Esq., Mayor of the City.	Captain Maitland, 24th Regiment.
Thomas McGrath, Esq.	Captain Strachan.
Charles Heath, Esq.	J. R. McKnight, Esq.
Alexander Buchanan, Esq.	George Duggan, jr. Esq.
George D. Wells, Esq.	G. B. Willard, Esq.

For further particulars, as to Stakes, Plates, and Purses, (which will be handsome,) see future advertisements. JOHN MAITLAND, Esq., *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

Robert Blevins, Esq., *Clerk of the Course.*

N.B. Early notice is hereby given, that no horse will be allowed to start, unless the rider turns out in full jockey style.

Toronto, June 20, 1837. [Ju29]

CAMDEN (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

WILL commence, on this course, on the 1st Monday in Nov. next, with a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, sub. $100, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies. Closed with 6 subs.

1. J. J. Moore,	4. J. B. Richardson,
2. J. J. Mickle,	5. W. Hampton,
3. P. McRa,	6. A. R. Ruffin.

Tuesday.—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats; purse not less than $600.

Wednesday.—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats; purse not less than $500.

Thursday.—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats; purse not less than $350.

Friday.—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5; purse not less than $350.

The following Sweepstakes come off over this course on the day preceding the annual regular races, which have been agreed upon by a convention of the different Clubs, at a meeting in Charleston, at their regular races in Feb. last, to commence on the *First Tuesday in each year*:—

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Two mile heats; sub. $200, h. ft. Closed, for 1838.

1. J. J. Harrison, sen., names a gr. f. out of Eliza Splotch, full sister to Kite.
2. J. J. Moore names a s. f. out of Leocadia, by Alborax.
3. W. H. B. Richardson names a c. out of Venus, by Bertrand, Jun.
4. P. McRa names a b. f. out of a Financier mare, by Bertrand, Jun.
5. J. G. Winter names a b. f. out of Whisker m. (Miss Accident), by Tramp.
6. " " " b. f. out of Whisker m. (Sister Lottery), by Tramp.
7. W. Hampton names a b. f (Imp) out of Ada, by Emilius.
8. Paul Fitzsimons names a ch. f. (Imp.) out of Delphine, by Priam.
9. J. H. Adams names a f. (Imp.) out of Peri, by The Colonel.
10. Hamner & Gibson name a br. f. out of Fanny Green, by Virginian—Sarpedon.

A Sweepstakes for 1839, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Closed.

1. J. J. Moore names a s. f. out of Leocadia, by Non Plus.
2. J. J. Mickle names a ch. c. out of Angelica, by Yeoman.
3. P. McRa names a gr. f. out of a Financier mare, by Non Plus.
4. W. H. B. Richardson names a br. c. out of Julia, by Muckle John.
5. J. W. Cantey names a b. f. out of a Gohanna mare, by Eclipse Lightfoot.
6. A. R. Ruffin names a b. c. by Bertrand, Jun., out of Nell, by Duroc.
7. W. Hampton names a br. c. out of Emma (Imp.), by Camel.
8. " " " br. f. out of Pocahontas, by Argyle.
9. Hamner & Gibson name a s. c. out of Polly Medley, by American Eclipse.
10. M. R. Smith names produce of Mary Frances, by Argyle.

Sweepstakes for 1840, Two mile heats; sub. $200, h ft. Closed.

1. J. J. Moore names produce of Leocadia and Rowton.
2. J. W. Cantey names produce of Gohanna mare and Godolphin.
3. W. H. B. Richardson names produce of Transport and Muckle John.
4. J. B. Richardson names produce of Julia and Muckle John.
5. P. McRa names produce of Crusader mare and Rowton.
6. " " " " " Financier mare and Rowton.
7. W. H. B. Richardson names produce of Venus and Muckle John.
8. J. G. Guignard names produce of Empress and Rowton.
9. W. Hampton names produce of Imp. Emma and Rowton.
10. " " " " Augusta and Rowton.
11. J. C. Goode names produce of Calliope and Shark.
12. Hamner & Gibson name produce of Polly Medley and Rowton.
13. M. S. Perry names produce of Congaree mare and Godolphin.

Camden, S. C. July 18, 1837. [Ju29] J. S. NETTLES, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

MOBILE AND ST. LOUIS THEATRES.

THE undersigned give this early notice that Mr. Sol Smith will not visit New York this present summer, (as heretofore advertised,) most of the engagements for the ensuing year having been already made. Members of the profession who have business with us, will please address us at St. Louis until 25th Oct., and after that time at Mobile.

St. Louis, July 7. [Ju. 22-3t.] LUDLOW & SMITH.

FARM WANTED.

TO rent or lease, for a term of years, a farm, consisting of from 40 to 60 acres of land, in a state of cultivation, with a good house, out-houses, &c., at a reasonable rent. Should its location be adapted to keeping a public house, it would be preferred. A note addressed to C. R. T., and left at this Office, giving a description of the same, its location, the terms, &c. will be attended to. [Ju. 22.]

COLT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a 3 year old colt, of a rich brown color, fifteen and a half hands high, full, and very handsome. He was got by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Grand Duchess, the dam of Busiris. C. IRVINE

Philadelphia, July 22, 1837. [Ju29]

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Fall meeting, 1837, Two mile heats; ent. $200; 3 subs. and closed.

A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, Autumn of 1837, One mile out; ent. $100, h. ft. The same entries to be made for a Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838, Mile heats; ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 15th Aug. Now 2 subs.

A Post Stake, Two mile heats, for 4 yr. olds; ent. $200, p.p.; the Autumn of 1837. Three subs. and closed—Fall meeting.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $200, h. ft. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $1000, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now one sub.

A Produce Stake for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting, 1840, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 2 subs. [Ju29] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES,

TO be run for this Fall, over the Jefferson (Va.) Jockey Club Track. The meeting (most probably, as usual) two weeks previous to the Washington City races. Three or more to make a race—free for all 3 year old colts and fillies that have not won stakes at fashionable courses

1st. Two miles and repeat—entrance $250; forfeit $75.

2d. One mile and repeat—entrance $150, forfeit $50.

The entries in either stake to be made on or before the 1st of August.

Charlestown, June 29, 1837. [Ju8] Wm. CROW, Jr., *Treasurer.*

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open to be run over the Camden and Philadelphia Course.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds that never won a race; Fall meeting, 1837; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Aug. Now 5 subs., viz.:

Jas. M. Selden,	Isham Puckett,
Wm. Jones,	J. S. Garrison.
A. L. Botts,	

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Fall meeting, 1837,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To close 15th Sept.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Spring meeting, 1838,) $500 ent., $200 ft.; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, (Spring meeting, 1838,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $250; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st Nov., 1837. Now 2 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1838,) with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats, ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st June, 1838.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. 200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1838; to which there is now 5 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200.

Philadelphia, July 6, 1837. [Ju8] W. N. FRIEND.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) J. C. RACES,

OVER THE HENRY COURSE, will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 24th day of October next.

First Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $100, h. ft.: Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

A. Webster. Saml. H. Early. N. B. Starke. Wm. M. Inge.

Second Day—Proprietor's Purse, $300; free for all ages; ent. $20. Two Mile heats.

Same Day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, ent. $200, h. ft.; Two Mile heats; 3 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st September, 1837. Now one Subscriber—Wm. M. Inge.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000; ent. $50; $200 to be awarded to the second best horse in the race, provided he saves his distance. Four Mile heats.

Fourth Day—A Poststake for 3 yr old colts and fillies; ent. $200, p. p.; Two Mile heats; now one Subscriber—Wm. A. Verell.

Same Day—A Sweepstake, free for all ages (weights for age), ent. $200, p. p.; Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. H. Leland. Early & Amis. N. B. Starke. Jno. B Jones. Wm. M. Inge.

Fifth Day—A Sweepstake for 4 yr. olds; ent. $500, p. p. Two Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Wm. A. Verell. N. B. Starke. Edw. Johnson. Levin Gale.

Any communication addressed to either of the Proprietors, Greensboro', will be attended to. H. A. TAYLOE,

J. C BRANCH,

Greensboro', Ala., June 22d, 1837. [Jy15] ROBT. BEVERLEY.

KENDALL COURSE—FALL MEETING, 1837.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the above course.

1st. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept.

2d. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old; Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept.

Spring Meeting, 1838.

3d. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March next.

4th. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. Free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March next.

Gentlemen desirous of entering into the above stakes, will please address

Jas. B. Kendall, *Proprietor, Baltimore.*

☞ The Fall Races will take place over this Course the Second Tuesday in October (the 10th.) [J15]

BUFFALO JOCKEY CLUB—FALL RACES, 1837.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run for over this course, situated near Clarksville, Mecklenburg County, Va., at the ensuing Fall meeting.

1st. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, ent. $200, h. ft. Two Mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept. 1837. Four or more to make a race.

2d. A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close as above. Four or more to make a race.

3d. A Sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, ent. $100, h. ft. One mile out. Colts 80lbs., fillies allowed 3lbs. To name and close as above. Three or more to make a race.

This Club has been revived the present year, with a large increase to its subscription; trainers and breeders are invited to subscribe to the above Sweepstakes. Address the subscriber, Clarksville, Va James Williamson, *Proprietor.*

Mecklenburg County, July 1, 1837. [J15]

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

THE following Stakes are to be run over the Mulberry Course, near Fredericksburgh, Fall meeting, 1837, to commence the 4th Tuesday in Oct.

A Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. To name and close 1st August. Four subs.

A Stake for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft. To name and close 1st Sept. One subscriber.

A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $150. To close the evening preceding the 1st day's race.

A Post Stake free for all ages, Two mile heats; sub. $200. To close 1st Oct.

A Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring, 1838, to run Spring, 1841, then 3 years old; Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $300. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 10 subs.

Lynchburg, July 5, 1837. [J15-tls] J. H. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

TREE HILL (Va.) RACES.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to be run over the Tree Hill Course, Fall meeting 1837.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100 Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Now one sub. and four promised.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats; ent. $200, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Expected to be large, now 1 sub.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race prior to naming, Mile heats; ent $100, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Several have promised to come down to this stake.

Tree Hill, June 27, 1837. [Ju8]

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE,

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.

Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.

Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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